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THE MYSTERIOUS PINKERTON

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UNCLE BILLY JACOBS' STORY
By Walt Coburn

Pat Coburn is interviewed about her late husband, the "King of the Pulps"—

REMEMBERING WALT

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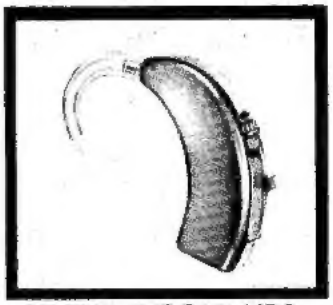

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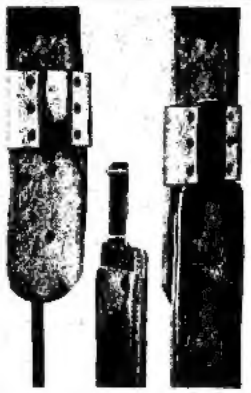

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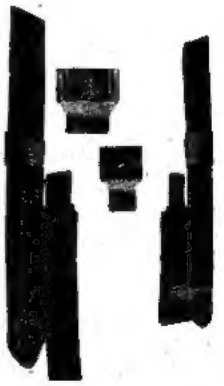

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True West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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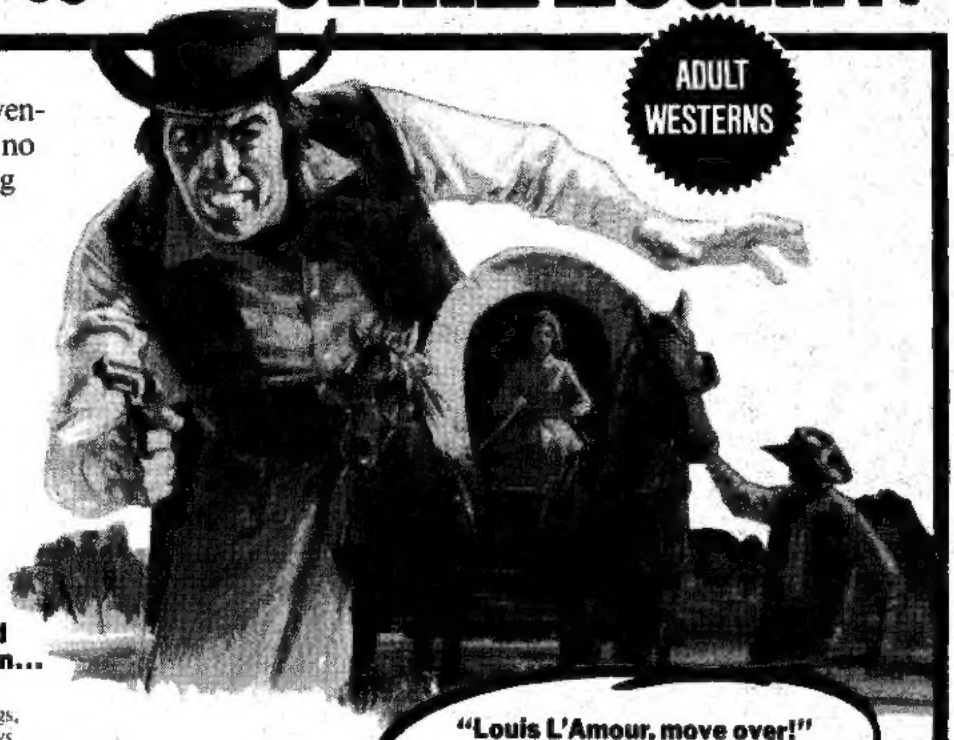

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Pat Coburn is interviewed about her late husband, the "King of the Pulps"

REMEMBERING WALT

Above: Walt's stories rank with the best in Western literature. Below: Pat Coburn in 1940.

Photo Courtesy Pat Coburn

SIX YEARS have passed since Walt Coburn trailed his ghost rider into the Shadow Hills. Walt was a writer of good old-fashioned words about Western heroes and bad guys. In his stories, both fiction and fact, the baddies never won. His folks were the hard-living, hard-dying breed who built an empire and wrote pages of courage in American history.

Last summer the University of Arizona Library acquired Walt's original manuscripts, journals, and papers. The collection includes more than 800 published fiction magazine stories, 10 hard cover books, 22 pocket books, 63 true stories, and assorted manuscripts, letters, maps, and foreign book editions. These are being catalogued and indexed, and made available to students, researchers, and historians.

Coburn's widow, Pat, lives in an attractive apartment on the fringe of downtown Prescott. It is liberally decorated with mementoes of their Tucson home including a striking coffee table which contains the lead plates from Chapter One of *Sky Pilot Cowboy*, one of Walt's novels.

Mrs. Coburn said one of Walt's stories has been selected for an anthology "Westerns of the Forties," to be published in 1977 by Bobbs-Merrill. A Beverly Hills, California publisher has purchased three others for a soon-to-be published anthology.

"Walt had a way with words and knew the cow country and characters he wrote about. He never wrote anything that wasn't based on fact, even though he fictionalized it," she emphasized.

"He was born and raised on his father's Circle C Ranch in Montana, during the state's most colorful and lawless era."

Walt first came to Arizona in 1916 where the Coburn brothers owned the Wineglass, Cross S, and Cross Up Ranches near Globe, and later the Horseshoe Ranch in Bloody Basin where Walt wrecked his knee.

"A brush-fringed cut bank in the basin near Prescott proved fateful for Walt," Mrs. Coburn explained. "The bull didn't see it—his horse didn't see it—and neither did he until it was too late.

"I guess he told that story a thousand times—how he dabbed his loop over the bull until it high-tailed past him. Then, seconds later, the critter lunged off the bank and into a dry wash, dragging Walt and the horse with him. Of course, Walt limped out of that melee with a broken

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Photo Courtesy Author

BY MATT DODGE

kneecap. And so, on that fateful day in 1920, the rangeland lost a cowhand and the nation gained a word wrangler."

Coburn worked at various jobs for a couple of years (life guard, land surveyor, boiler fireman) and labored at night over his typewriter. He collected enough rejection slips to paper a wall. Finally, in 1923, *Argosy Magazine* paid him $25 for a short story and Walt was on his way to success.

The rest is old history to Coburn fans. Walt told the story of his "Thirty Years as a Pulp Writer" in the July-August 1967 issue of *True West*. But, for those who need a brief memory jog, his name was on the cover of at least five monthly magazines in the 1930s and '40s. In fact two of them *(Walt Coburn's Action Novels* and *Walt Coburn's Western)* were named for him. At a time when *Saturday Evening Post* and other "slick" magazines paid authors a dime a word, Walt earned five cents in the pulps where two cents a word was usually considered good pay. During this period he wrote 600,000 words a year to sweeten the Coburn coffers considerably.

"I'M very happy the University of Arizona decided to acquire Walt's manuscripts," Mrs. Coburn said. "After all, he did practically all of his writing in this state—thirty years in Tucson and the rest up here in these beautiful hills.

"You know, we first came to Prescott in 1927 on our honeymoon. We stayed about a year and a half, so when we came back in 'retirement,' if you can call it that, it was like coming home again."

A cozy, steep-roofed log house, the gentle sound of wind in the pines, the violent crescendo of summer storms, and the white muted mantle of winter snow provided the ideal natural setting for Walt's creative personality.

Here, he wrote his popular "Tally Book" series which was later reprinted in *True West*, and two of his best works, *Pioneer Cattlemen of Montana: The Story of the Circle C Ranch*, and his autobiography, *Walt Coburn: Western Word Wrangler.*

"Although Walt was proud of his success," Mrs. Coburn said, "he was also humble, soft spoken, and very religious. He always tipped his hat when he passed a church and often said that somewhere along the way, Señor Dios laid a hand on his shoulder. He was a dedicated writer who had a way with words and never forgot his cow-country heritage."

Sometimes, Walt got to thinking that he missed the target he aimed at when he started writing. Perhaps, if he had done things differently, he would have made the slicks *(Post, Colliers, Cosmopolitan)* as fellow craftsmen Luke Short, Ernest Haycox, and Max Brand had done.

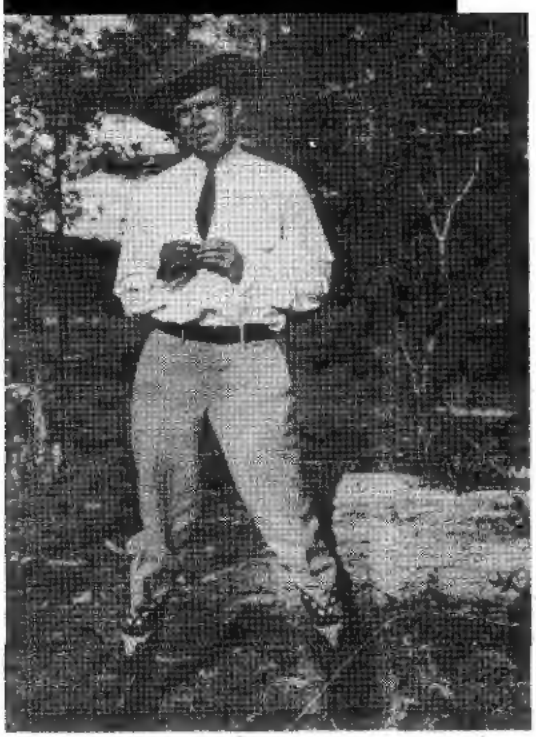
"But, to accomplish that, he would have had to do lots of rewriting and hard editing, which would have denied him the joy of story-telling. It would also have required intense study of other western fiction writers, and Walt never read Westerns, not even his own. He preferred 'whodunits'!"

Then in the early 1950s the bottom dropped out of the pulp market.

"Walt never dreamed it would happen, and neither did the editors. It was a complete surprise and a shock. I suppose it was caused by rising costs and too much competition. Like everything else—movies and television—if they have a good thing going, they try to duplicate it again and again."

Whatever the reason, the collapse was something Walt could not foresee during

Left: Walt Coburn on his honeymoon in 1927. Below: Writer at work! Walt pounds the keyboard in his adobe "shack" in Tucson during the early 1950s.



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The log cottage at Groom Creek near Prescott, Arizona, where Walt did his last writing.

his reign as "King of the Pulps," and could not have prevented had he foreseen it. After all, he was an entertainer—a good one—and proud of his ability to tell stories about the real West and its people.

"The mistake Walt made—I can see it now—was that he never wrote many books such as Zane Grey, Max Brand, and others had done—and he never used an agent," Pat Coburn admitted. "During those busy years, he rejected many story requests from a lot of magazines. He simply did not have the time. So, when the pulps collapsed, he turned to writing the longer, book-length stories.

THOUGH WALT COBURN received little critical acclaim, he earned a fine living in his career, and Mike Tilden a Popular Publications editor who bought the bulk of Walt's yarns in the 1940s, candidly described his ability as "nothing short of genius for recapturing the old West and bringing it colorfully alive year after year."

Walt's creative methods may seem slapdash to some critics, but he's included with the likes of Ernest Hemingway, O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, and W. Somerset Maugham in a college textbook *Craft of the Short Story*, written in 1948 by Dr. Richard Summers, then associate professor of English at the University of Arizona. He called Coburn's work "superior to others of its type because of the skill of the writing and authentic background."

That realistic touch and skill is apparent in *Stirrup High*, published in 1957. You'll never find a more accurate description of a range lightning storm which spooks a herd and kills about thirty animals: "A heavy roll of thunder crashed around us and chain lightning split the sky with ragged slash. There was a blinding flare, then darkness. Tiny balls of fox fire showed from the wet horn tips of the big native steers as they tossed their heads sideways as they moved. When the horns clashed when they hooked one another, the tips were like the sparks from a white-hot horseshoe or anvil."

Walt once commented that there wasn't much room for description in the pulps. "The keynote is action," he said. "I always cut description to the bone."

The method worked well when he turned to writing paperbacks in the mid-1950s. *The Square Shooter*, published in 1957, offers this example:

"Bullets sprayed the pitch-black night and Boone dove headlong into the roaring river. As he surfaced, a man rushed out of the dark and jumped in after him. It was the killer. Boone fought his way to the far bank. When he finally reached it, his insides turned to ice. Nothing but a steep, sheer wall of wet clay loomed in front of him. And the killer was closing in from behind."

Although Walt preferred this type of action narrative and dialogue, he could handle description deftly. The official program for the Seventh Annual World Series Rodeo for the Championship of 1932 in New York's Madison Square Garden featured articles by Bill Corum, Ross Santee, Will James, and Damon Runyon.

Walt Coburn was included in that elite group. His article "Cowboys in Town" offers one of the finest definitions of "rodeo" found anywhere:

"Rodeos that's held all over the country from Madison Square Garden to Calgary, Canada, and Prescott here in Arizona, kind of bring together you folks in the East and us boys out West. We get sort of acquainted. It's a kind of link, don't you see, between the derby and the ten-gallon hat.

"When you see those boys out there, ridin,' ropin,' and doggin' steers, you're watchin' forty a month cowboys that'll come back here to the cow country and tell us how high them tall tepees looked. They're what you might call ambassadors from the cow country. Like you folks that come out to our dude ranches give us a whiff of the East. And we don't none of us need any interpreter anymore to talk to each other.

"So, folks, when you watch our cowboys down there in the arena, ridin' broncs, swingin' ropes, and bulldoggin' steers, just remember that they're coming back here to the cow country dust and sun and wind and snow. Back to what

The house Walt was born in at White Sulphur Springs, Montana, in 1889. This photo was taken in 1971.

Photo Courtesy Author

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Photo Courtesy Pat Coburn

Pat Coburn at home.

you call the prosaic life of raisin' beef cattle. We're sort of wild in our ways. We like to holler out loud and shoot at the stars when we go back to the cow camps. We look a mess in our dress suits, but our hearts is all right.

"But, listen. Don't go givin' the boneheads the key to the city. They might go unlockin' too many places. We're kinda short on bail money out here and we need all them boys to do the fall work out on the range."

"In the publishing world and among editors, Walt had a reputation as an honest man," Mrs. Coburn smiled. "When anyone referred to him as 'famous,' he'd reply: 'Famous, no—notorious, yes.'"

She said Walt loved animals of all kinds, especially horses. He had a natural seat in the saddle and looked good on horseback. "While he'd spend hours caring for his horses and gear, put a rake in his hand and he'd quit the flats. Yard work and fixit jobs were not for him; and he never once, to my knowledge, entered a supermarket."

In the Indian Summer of his life, Walt Coburn felt a deep concern about environmental matters.

"Once, in 1964, he charged into the house muttering something about 'idiots tearing out some 100-year-old trees.' He called Jim Garner, publisher of the Prescott *Courier*, and told him to 'come out and stop 'em'."

Less than fifteen minutes later, Garner drove up to the Coburn place at Groom Creek and was given a fast tour of a rather wide area where the Forest Service was ripping out trees and burning them.

"They considered challenging the 'dozer to stop the apparent destruction but luckily they stomped into the house and called the head honcho at the Forest Service first. The ranger explained that the work being done was necessary to clear excess trees and insure future growth."

Mrs. Coburn told how Walt sneaked a little jug of good spirits from a wood pile and he and Garner drank a toast to the "lying s.o.b. Forest Service."

"Turned out the forestry people were right, but Walt and Jim wrote a tremendous story about the rape of Groom Creek anyway," she said. "The incident did slow down the tree ripping, and the two chuckled about that for months."

The Coburns enjoyed the isolation of their Groom Creek home, even when they were snowed in for three weeks in the big storm of 1967. However, shortly after Walt's death, Pat sold the property and moved to Prescott.

"Groom Creek is different now—too 'populated'," she said candidly. "When we first went out there, we had no neighbors at all. We had the woods, the wind, and the fresh air. Walt kept a horse and rode every day."

Sketch of Walt done in 1966 by Prescott High School student Larry Wolfe.

Illustration Courtesy Author

THROUGHOUT his long career Walt had a set method of writing. He simply sat down and let his characters work out their own destinies. "Walt never plotted anything and kept the story in his head," Mrs. Coburn said. "He'd have a lead sentence—that's all he'd start with. He wrote early in the morning until noon, and never at night."

But although he had always shied from writing factual stories, he turned to that type of craftsmanship in 1962, shortly after they arrived at Groom Creek.

"Walt had known publisher Joe Small for a long time, but since Western Publications did not carry fiction, he had never written for Joe's magazines. The beginning was the *True West* reprinting of the "Tally Book" series which was mostly about people Walt had known in Montana. Later he wrote many other stories—such as 'One Thanksgiving Day' which was about artist Charlie Russell whom he knew quite well. Walt could have done a great book about Charlie Russell. He knew Will Rogers, too—Tom Mix—Guy Weadick, who ran the Calgary Stampede for years—Walter Brennan was another good friend—Fred Gipson—there were so many."

Walt Coburn sold everything he ever wrote except two stories he did while living at Groom Creek. These are about Indian legends—first-hand stories of the Gros Ventres and Assininboins he knew well because the Circle C adjoined the Fort Belknap Reservation.

"He often spoke of their love for his father," Mrs. Coburn said. "I think they're good stories, but they're long—nearly 100,000 words each. I'd like to see them published, but I haven't pushed them."

DURING their forty-four years of marriage, Walt and Pat lived a secluded life, especially in the earlier years when they lived behind locked gates and had an unlisted telephone number. The Coburn rule was never to accept invitations Mondays through Fridays. Saturday nights they socialized and Walt had a strict rule never to work on Sunday.

"When I married him, I knew little of his Montana background, and I'd never been around a creative writer," she admitted. "Somehow I managed to be a wife, secretary, housekeeper, cook, good listener, and trouble shooter. We had a few turbulent times over the years but we managed to weather them. I learned from the start to give up most things other women my age were doing. I really enjoyed staying home and I never had time to be bored. My life with Walt was never dull, and he often remarked that I should thank God he wasn't twins."

To the very end, Walt remained allergic to telephones. He never would talk on the phone unless it was of utmost urgency to do so.

"I'll never forget Walt's first visit to New York City in 1930," Pat laughed. "He liked the city so much that he never wanted to go to bed. He'd stop to talk to policemen, beggars, taxi drivers, paperboys—everyone."

The Coburns were being squired about by Jack Byrne, chief editor of Fiction House which published *Action Stories* and nine other pulp magazines. "What an evening that turned out to be, as Walt entertained us with hilarious stories of his travels," she recalled. "And, you should have seen him trying to get ready for a night on the town. Red-faced from the pressure of the tight dinner jacket, stiff-bosomed shirt, and starched collar, he put on his ten-gallon hat and wore cowboy boots under his evening trousers. He told me he took off the spurs just in case we went dancing."

Although money was never Walt's god, he knew he had to have it to live and argued for a raise when he felt he'd

(Continued on page 34)

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UNCLE BILLY JACOBS' STORY

. . . a runaway boy hires on with Pecos Carter and his Panhandle Pool outfit

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano—and here's why. From Walt's cover letter written June 12, 1970: "I'm enclosing The Billy Jacobs Story which I hope you will like. (Walt then explains he has no pictures and has a suggestion.) I never met Al Napoletano but know he has illustrated many of my stories and is a good western artist."

TIME HAD BEEN when Uncle Billy Jacobs was as salty a cowhand as ever came up the long cattle trail from Texas to Montana. I remember him as an old man with an uncombed shock of white hair and a stubble of white whiskers. A stove-up old cowhand who walked with a game-legged limp from what he called his 'rheumatiz'. He was a stocky built man of medium height and beneath his shaggy iron-gray brows his blue eyes, that held a glint of humor, were those of a young man in the prime of life. Uncle Billy had no need to wear glasses, and he had a full set of large yellowish teeth that had never felt a toothbrush. He cleaned his teeth with the gnawed end of a green willow stick or a chewed kitchen match, and he never once sat in a dentist's chair.

Uncle Billy was more or less on the pension list at the Circle C ranch in Montana. During the summer months he tended to the irrigation of the hay fields

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and the truck gardens. He rode an old cowhorse, a flea bitten gray called Freckles, forking his old Nelson saddle with its rope marked horn. He packed a short handled shovel in a saddle scabbard and tied his gumboots with a whang leather string across the high fork of his saddle. On the fall roundups he went along to handle the beef herd.

I was a button of a kid on the Circle C ranch when I listened with both ears on many a long summer evening to Uncle Billy tell about the exciting adventures of his younger days when at the age of fourteen he had gone up the cattle trail from Texas to Montana, and this is part of his story as I remember it:

* * * *

I SHORE got off to one hell of a start from the day I was born in an Injun camp at Dead Man's Crossing on the Pecos River on the Staked Plains of Texas. A band of Comanche Indians had taken my mother into their camp and called in an old squaw to act as mid-wife. My old man was a circuit rider sky pilot who was on the road preaching his fire and brimstone sermons to anyone who would listen. My mother had once been a honkeytonk dance hall girl until she married Preacher Hosea Jacobs.

When I was about ten years old my folks moved to Tascosa, the toughest trail town in any man's country, where my mother ran a boarding and rooming house called the Lone Star Hotel, while my father traveled around the Panhandle country on a big white mule saving souls of sinners and nibbling at frequent intervals on the bottle of whiskey he packed in case he got bit by a rattlesnake, his Bible in the pocket of his swallowtail coat.

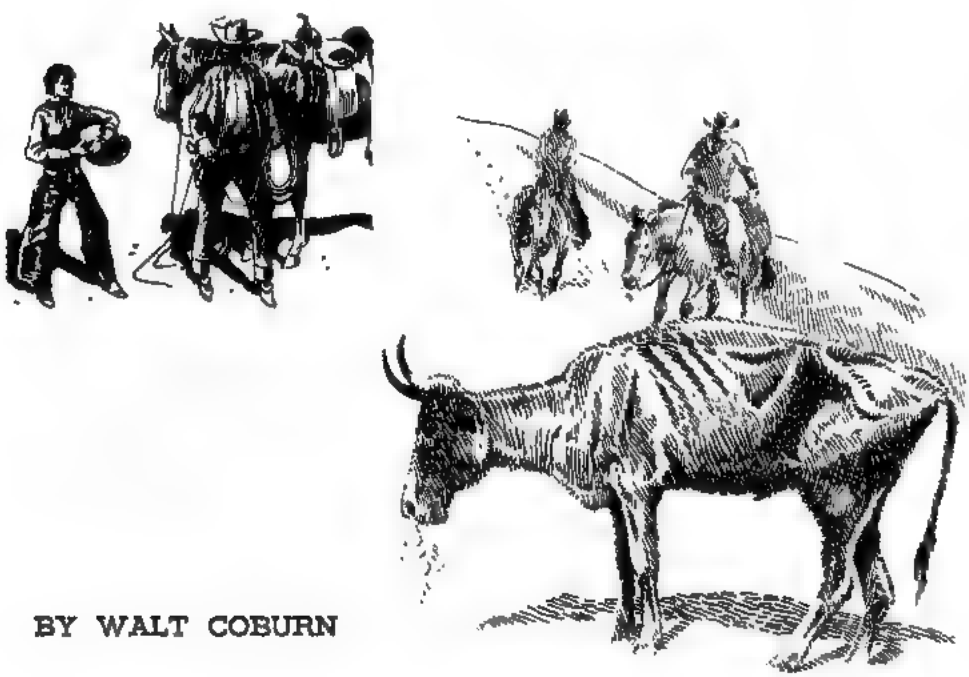
When my father got likkered up he used to step out on the balcony of the Lone Star Hotel and preach the evils of the Demon Rum in a leather-lunged hawg-calling voice that could be heard all over town, until one summer night the railing he was leaning on gave way and he landed square on his head in a swan dive that broke his neck.

After the funeral me and Ma held a long medicine talk. We were both plumb fed up to the ears with the old man's brand of religion. Ma told me that while the preacher was gone for weeks and months that a middle-aged cowman named Carlos Sanders had been after her to quit the old man and marry him, and now with the Reverend Hosea Jacobs dead and buried she was free to marry again.

I knew right then and there that was how come Carlos Sanders had hired me a few months before as a horse wrangler at his Cross S ranch on the Canadian River about twenty-five miles from Tascosa, for ten dollars a month and beans. I never liked the long-geared Tejano who was part Mexican on his mother's side. Besides my job as horse wrangler Carlos had me digging post holes and stretching barbwire on the new horse pasture he was building, besides chopping wood and helping the ranch cook wash dishes. I'd had it made to quit long before the old man cashed in his chips.

Ma told me that she was going to sell the Lone Star Hotel and when she married Carlos Sanders the Cross S ranch would be my home, and right then and there I made up my mind to quit the country and early next morning I was long gone, forking a line-backed buckskin Cross S gelding. I'd heard tell of a pool outfit in the West Panhandle that was gathering enough cattle to make a sizeable trail herd and I headed for their roundup camp on a creek about forty miles from Tascosa. I had ten dollars in my jeans. I was free as the morning breeze with nary a care in the whole wide world as I watched the shadow me'n my horse made as we rode the dim trail. I was chock full of beans that morning as I watched the warpainted red sun come up on the Texas plains, warbling the old trail song,

"With my rump in the saddle
And my hand on the horn
I'm the best damn cowpuncher
Ever was born!"



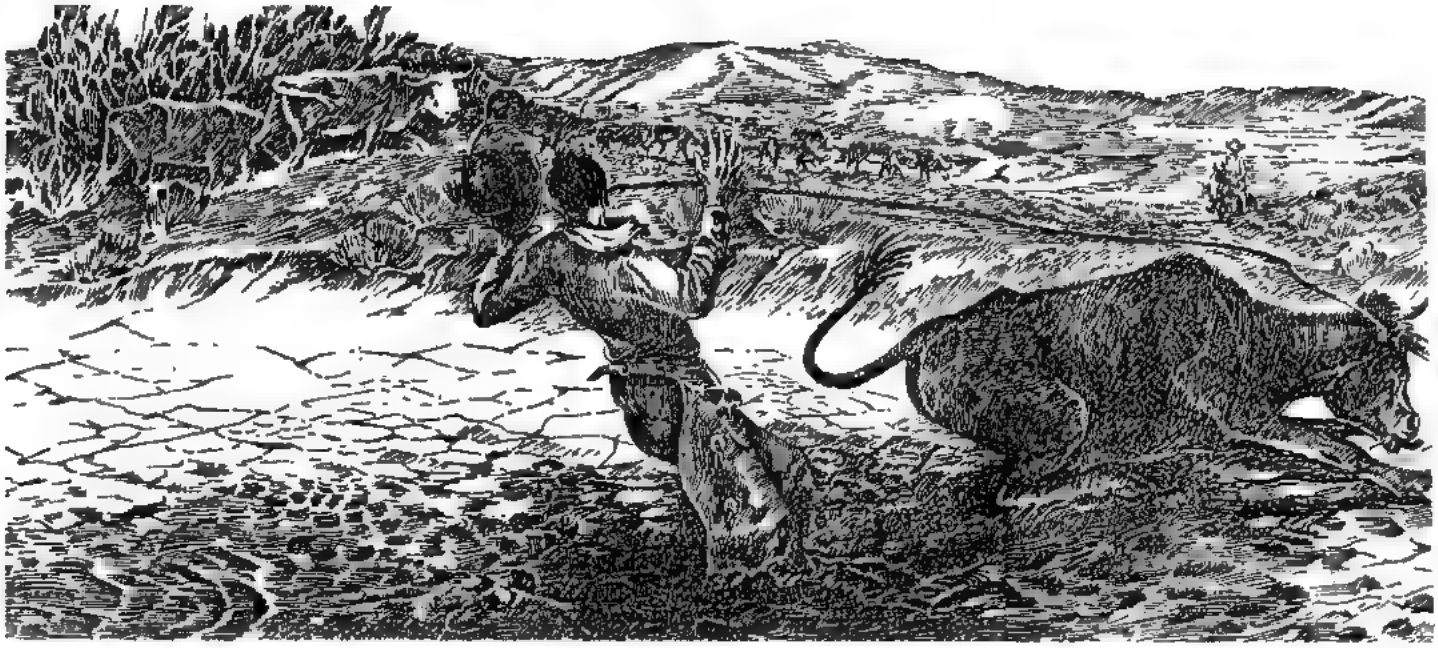
BY WALT COBURN

IT WAS about sundown when I rode into the pool roundup camp. The men on day herd were slowly bunching the Longhorns and grazing them onto the bedground, and the horse wrangler was easing the remuda into the rope corral. Most of the cowhands were eating supper. There must have been about fifteen in the roundup crew and every man had a filled cartridge belt buckled around his middle and a Colt six-shooter shoved in a holster.

As I rode up I could feel the cold suspicious eyes of every man sizing me up. What talk had been going on, stopped. I might have been a plumb stranger to them but I knew most of them by sight when they showed up in Tascosa to blow in their money, because before I went to work for Carlos Sanders I had hustled a living swamping the saloons and running errands for the madams in Crib Alley. To the bartenders and dance hall girls in Tascosa I was known as the Preacher's Kid.

"Damned if it ain't that drunk Preacher's Kid!" A tall cowhand called Pecos Carter got to his feet and walked towards me. "You lost? Or did you run off?" he asked.

"I just naturally pulled out after my old man died and my mother was fixing to marry Carlos Sanders. I heard tell of this pool outfit and I'm here to tackle the trail boss for a job. This horse I'm



riding belongs to Sanders but I figure he owes me a horse for the mean way he treated me." I told the trail boss the truth.

Pecos Carter had hair the color of a sorrel horse and a walrus mustache the same color. His eyes were the color of gun metal, cold as winter ice. He told me he had reason to hate Carlos Sanders' guts and when he told me to unsaddle and tie into the grub, that he was putting me on at fifteen dollars a month, I was the happiest kid on God's earth. I'd done hired out to the Panhandle Pool trail herd and was northbound along the Goodnight Trail for Cheyenne, Wyoming, and I aimed to make a hand, play my string out regardless.

If a man was to hand pick the whole State of Texas he couldn't find a tougher, hardcase trail crew than that of the Panhandle Pool outfit. The cowpunchers were all renegades of some description, outlaws from Robbers' Roost, cattle rustlers, brand artists, some owners of small cow outfits they'd built up with a hungry loop and a running iron. The Pool road iron was what Josh Stuart called the Crazy Quilt Brand.

During the week it took to put the trail herd in the road iron, half a dozen mounted cowhands with Winchester saddle guns stood guard on the skyline hills on the lookout for Rangers or owners of the cattle whose brands were being altered—including fifty head of Cross S Longhorns belonging to Carlos Sanders.

Josh Stuart was a short, bowlegged man with a barrel chest, broad shoulders and bull neck. He had a shock of coarse sandy hair and a drooping, tobacco stained mustache. His eyes were pale blue and his skin was burnt from the sun and wind and his lips chapped and cracked. Josh smeared his face with axle grease for protection from the weather, and on a windy day it became dust covered and grimy. Josh Stuart was an expert brand artist and he claimed he could alter any Texas brand into the Crazy Quilt road iron. He claimed the Cross S brand was easy pickin's, as well as the X I T, Cross L, the I L, the Turkey Track and the J A brand belonging to Goodnight and Adair.

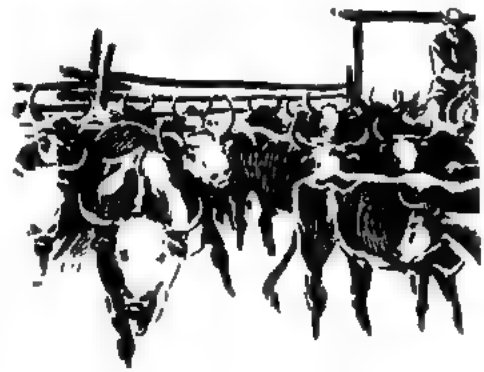
Because I had no roundup bed it was Josh Stuart who had talked each of the cowhands out of a blanket and dug up an old tarp from the bed wagon, and I had taken a liking to him.

It was Josh Stuart who rode the point with Pecos Carter, because they both owned more cattle in the pool than any other cowhand. There were sixteen cowhands in the trail drive besides old Yaqui Gonzales, the horse wrangler, part Yaqui, part Mexican; and Nigger Bob, the cook. Cotton Eye was the nighthawk. He had one dark brown eye and one light gray eye and he claimed his cotton colored eye could see on the darkest stormy night ever made, and at daybreak when he fetched the remuda into the rope corral there were no horses missing.

Sixteen cowhands was almost double the number usually used on an average trail herd and that accounted for the large remuda, each cowhand having a string of ten horses. Besides the four mules that hauled the mess wagon and the four that hauled the bed wagon, there was a string of ten mules for the horse wrangler because Yaqui rode mules instead of horses. Cotton Eye drove the bed wagon, and Bob the mess wagon.

When I asked Josh Stuart how come the sixteen man trail crew he said they were headed for Cheyenne, Wyoming, most of it through Indian country, and that was why the cowhands packed saddle guns and there was a sawed-off ten-gauge shotgun in both wagons. He said there was always the off chance while we were still in Texas that some of the cowmen along the Canadian just might take a notion to hold up the herd to make a Winchester cut, figuring we had a few of their Longhorns in the pool.

BOB was a big six-footer, tough as a boot but good natured in spite of the fact that he was known around Tascosa as a renegade from Robbers' Roost on the Cimarron where the outlaw William (Bill) Coe and his gang had built a rock house like a fortress. Bob claimed to be the only black man in Coe's gang of outlaws. If he took a liking to a man he



was a true friend but if he disliked a man that man had better shy plumb off and away.

That went double for old Yaqui, the horse wrangler, who had killed a few men in his time and had come from Robbers' Roost to Tascosa with Bob. It was the horse wrangler's job to rustle wood or buffalo or cow chips and carry buckets of water for the trail cook, but whenever I was in camp I did those chores to relieve Yaqui who had a stiff leg from a busted knee cap. There was a two-wheeled cart hitched behind the mess wagon called a cooney cart to carry the wood and cow chips and I kept the cooney cart filled for the cook.

There were four cattle trails going north from the West Panhandle of Texas: the Goodnight-Loving Trail from the Pecos to Denver; the old Goodnight Trail to Cheyenne, Wyoming, established in 1868; the Palo Duro-Dodge City Trail; and the new Goodnight Trail to Granada that had branched off after 1868 to the Iliff Ranch in Colorado on the South Platte River. The Panhandle Pool trail drive followed the old Goodnight-Loving Trail to Cheyenne, and Pecos Carter and Josh Stuart had timed it to be the last drive to leave the West Panhandle, a week or so behind three or four other trail herds that were on the Cheyenne Trail.

The way Carter and Stuart had it figured, if there were any Indians demanding beef steers for their camp meat, they'd be whittlin' on the other trail herds up ahead of us. Also if there were any stampedes the trail herds ahead would be spillin' some Longhorns along the way. Crowded for time to reach the Cheyenne market they'd be travelin' as fast as possible and would be too short handed to waste time roundin' up any cattle that strayed off too far.

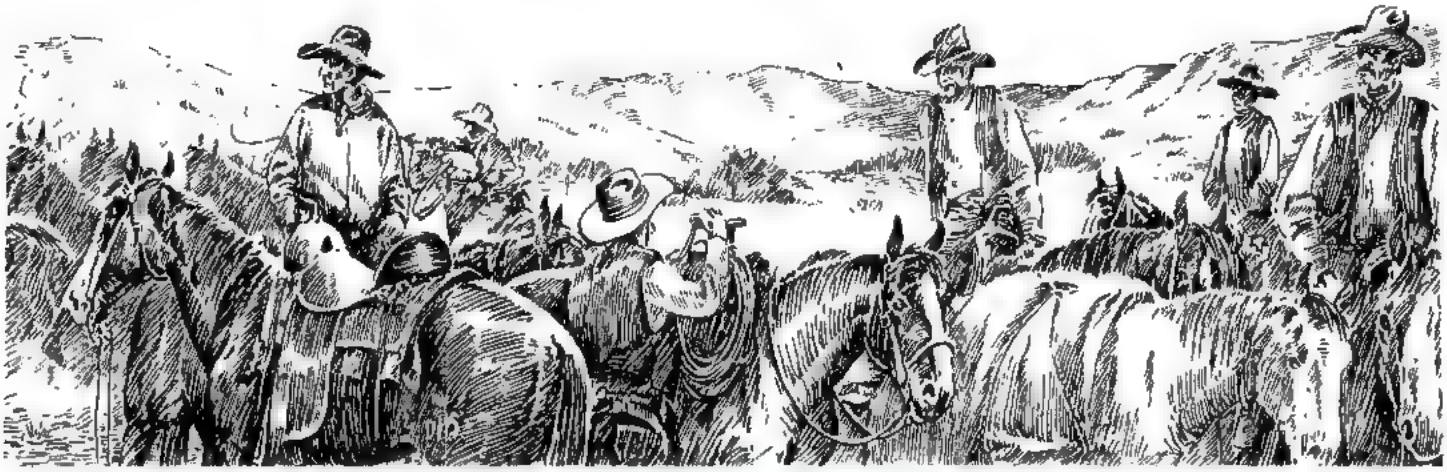
With Pecos and Josh riding the point, two men riding the first swing, two riding the second swing and me'n some cowhand fetching up the drags, the other eight cowhands rode on ahead, fanning out on a ten-twelve mile front to gather cattle lost by the cow outfits ahead of us, and it was a sorry day when those out-riders didn't gather five or ten strays. These strays were roped, stretched out and branded in the Crazy Quilt iron, and by the time the Panhandle Pool trail drive had reached Cheyenne we had picked up about 300 head of mossy-horned cattle.

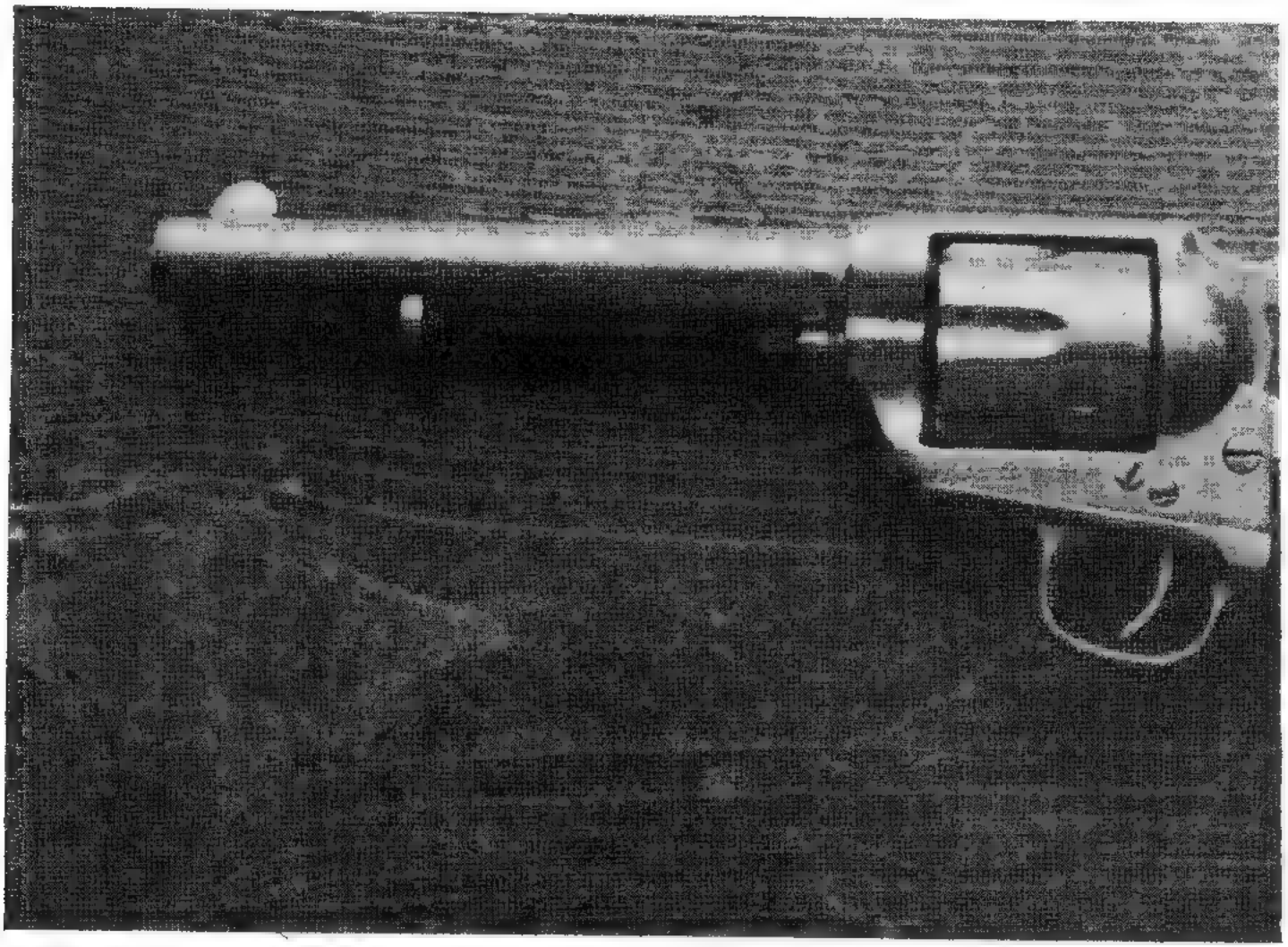
I recollect going through the worst lightning storm any old cowhand on God's green earth ever saw. The fox-fire on the tall wet grass was like a big lake afire. When a man had the guts to reach for the sparks on the tips of his horse's ears he got a handful of nothing. The sparks on the tips of the Longhorns was spooky enough to scare the bravest cowhand ever lived, and the crash of the horns of the milling steers was like rolling thunder. Next day there were a half a dozen crippled steers that couldn't keep up with the drags and they were left behind for the Indians.

Near the cowtown of Las Animas the rains had swollen the Arkansas River over the banks. We lost about fifty head swimming the muddy river. We laid over for two days and nights to put taller on the herd. Pecos let half his crew go to town one night and the next night the rest of us went.

Come sunrise the following morning the trail herd was on the move, headed north along the Goodnight Trail for Cheyenne, just north of the Colorado line. When we reached the old roundup camp called the Rock Pile on Crow Creek about ten miles out of Cheyenne, we made camp on good water and plenty of grass while

(Continued on page 18)





BURIED TREASURE

It was no less than a Colt 45 , once the pride and jo

BY JAMES W. BLAKE

Photos & Illustrations Courtesy Author

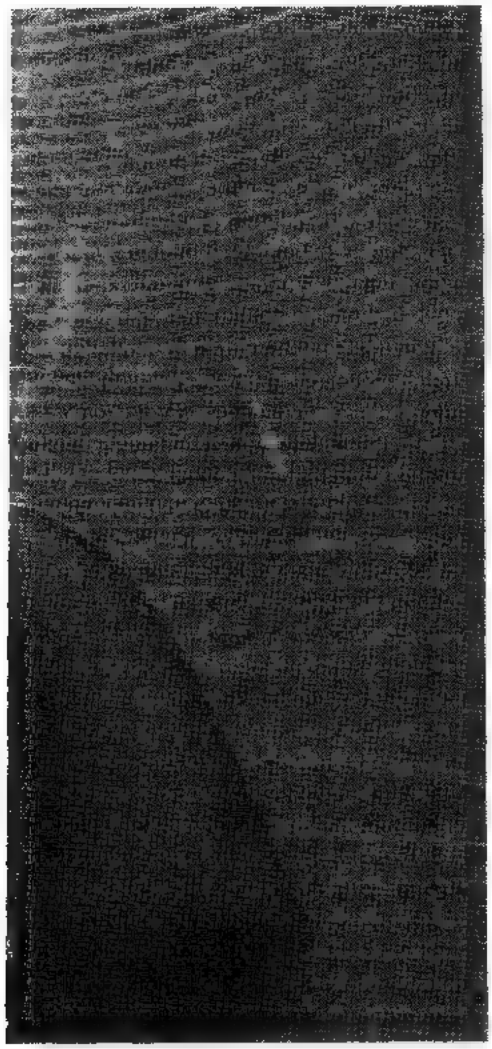
SQUIRREL GULCH is a north-south gulch in the County of Clear Creek, State of Colorado. Legally it is referred to as South ½ of Section 11, T4S, R73W, of the 6th Prime Meridian. The gulch in its day has hidden many things.

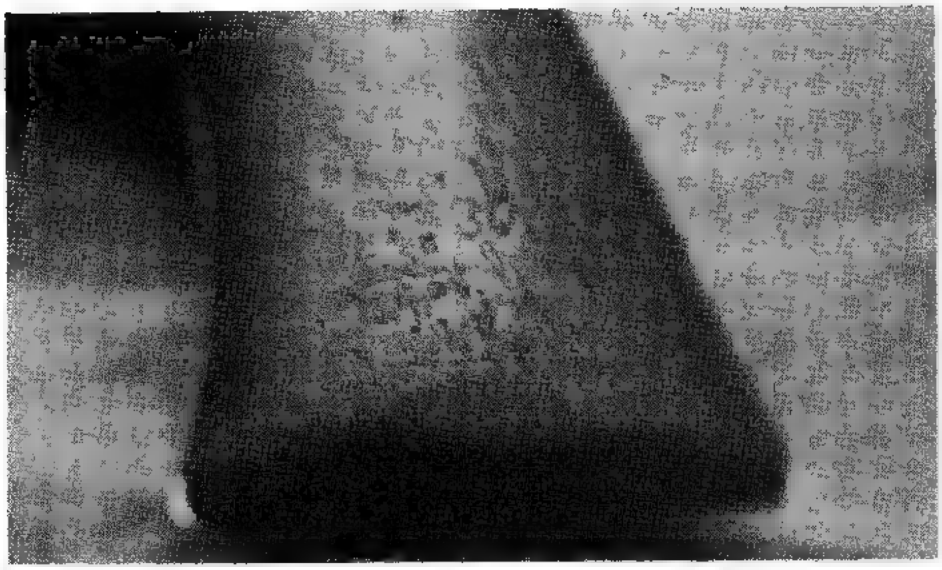
The most important, of course, are the many veins of gold, silver, and copper. The ore is called chalcopyrite, one of the principal ores of copper, but in this area it is very rich in gold and silver. The veins run east to west, and cross Squirrel Gulch, running from Warren Gulch to the east, to Chicago Creek to the west.

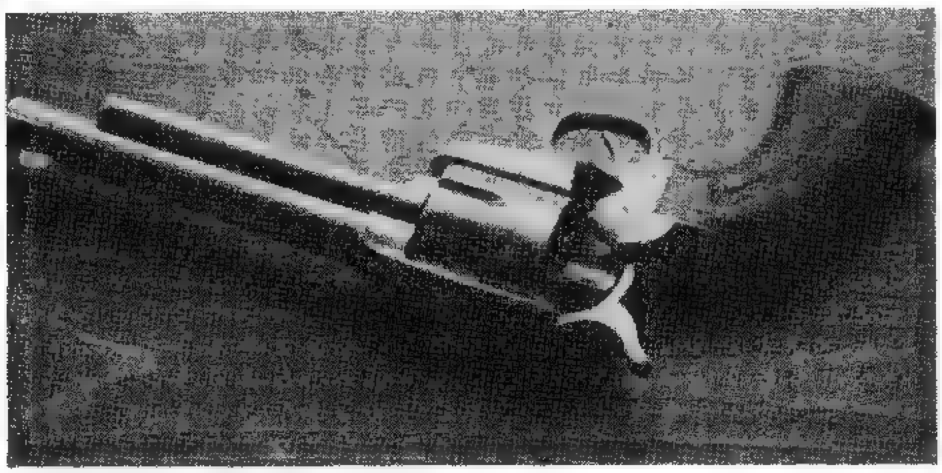
At the time of purchase I was not aware of the mining potential of the area, referred to as the Gold Dirt Mining District. Neither did I know of the Lexington Mine, located between Warren and Squirrel Gulch. The Lexington Mine was known as the "Mother Lode" of this area, and yielded over three million in ore in the last thousand feet of the workings. The vein then faulted and could not be located again.

At the time of the original location, a man by the name of Grant Tilden filed six location claims, to wit: The Comet, the 2-10, the Hamilton, the Preacher, the Lexington and its extension, the Gold Link. The Lexington and the Gold Link run east to west and end four hundred feet from the front door of the house we built.

My purchase included two patented mining claims: the Florence, a five-acre claim; and the Golden Gate, a twenty-acre claim. My first move was to build a home, as a beautiful site was available on the property. This took almost nine years as I had to work to pay the bills. During this period, the neophite from Brooklyn became a prospector. I am retired from the New York City Police Department and, after thirteen years of prospecting, have successfully located the missing Lexington vein. This does not indicate instant riches by a long shot, as mining was dormant during this time, and is only presently becoming interesting due to our economic situation. Old







In Squirrel Gulch

of William Brocius Graham—the famous Curly Bill

mills are being refurbished and overhauled while modern ones are on the drawing board. Plans also include new chemical smelters, one of which should locate in this immediate area. At least "treasure number one" had been discovered and the location was Squirrel Gulch.

HOWEVER, it was during mining exploration that "treasure number two" was found. Squirrel Gulch was to yield another find that was not gold or silver. It happened quite by accident. Almost at the start of an exploration project, the 'dozer blade uncovered a small abandoned mine drift. It was like a scene out of the county dump. The first thing I sensed was a terrible odor—a cross between a cattle feedlot and the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, with a little low tide mud from Jamaica Bay thrown in for good measure.

Gaining entrance to the drift took considerable courage and determined shoveling. The drift was approximately fifteen feet in length and the outside light was sufficient illumination for inspection. Inside the drift was an old trunk, not in mint condition, some assorted tin cans, a whiskey bottle, some handmade mining steel and jars of cabbage in old-fashioned Mason containers. The 'dozer blade had broken several of the jars which accounted for the foul odors encountered.

The trunk was not heavy and I managed to skid it over the dirt and rejoin the outside world. The leather handles were intact which aided in moving the trunk outside; the trunk was locked and after some time was carefully opened. Inside were old work clothes that were almost powder. Next I found an old leather holster and belt complete with cartridges, that fell apart in my hands. At the bottom, wrapped in what must have been oiled rags, was a beautiful nickel-plated Colt .45 that looked like it had just come from the factory. Perhaps it was the Colorado climate and the closed drift that accounted for the lack of oxidation. There was absolutely no rust

ELECTRONICALLY DIGITIZED

or corrosion on either the Colt or the ammunition.

My excitement knew no bounds. At age fifty-three my childhood had returned, or I had made it to the age of senility in one giant leap—which I did not know, or care. I had an antique Colt and it was all mine. Little did I know that time would add further dimensions to both my mining efforts and my Colt. As it turned out, one treasure depended on the other.

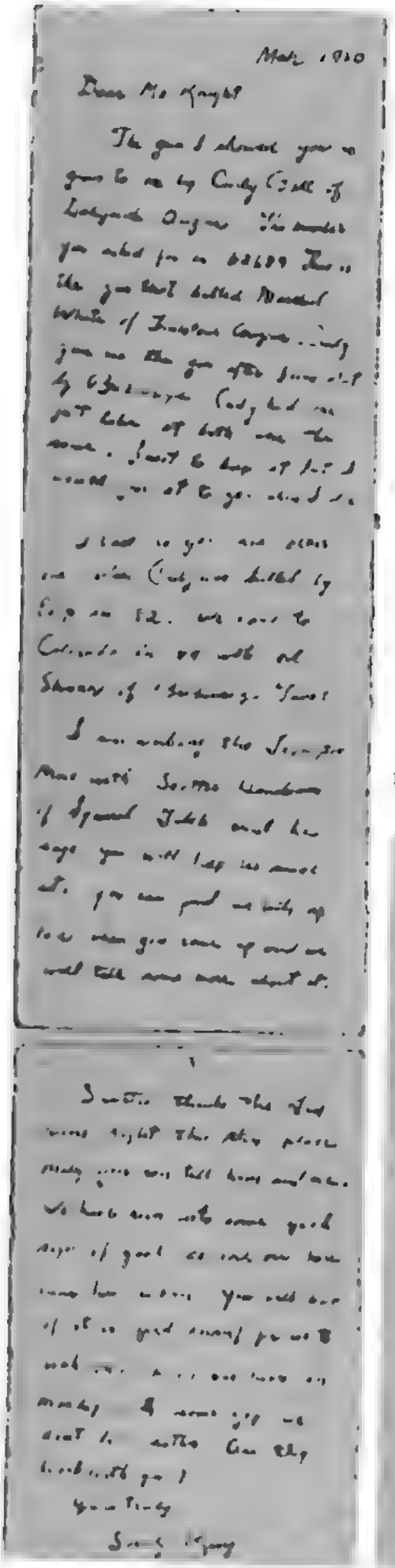
After the 'dozer had been shut down, I bounded into the house to inspect the find. First I unloaded the Colt, which had five cartridges in the cylinder, leaving one empty, which was the custom during its time of use. Then it was checked mechanically, cleaned and oiled. What happened next could only be attributed to the excitement and emotions of a real red-blooded American boy. (Boy?) The gulch was echoing with the roar of a Colt .45. It was as though this Colt was just delivered from the factory shelf, felt natural in hand and was accurate to the ability of the shooter. The barrel was six inches long, later on proved to be original and named the "Lightning model," and the grip was one-piece and made of walnut.

On the right side of the grip was a name, very faint and readable only in sunlight: Sandy King. It was carved in script over another name that had been scratched out. On the left side of the grip was imprinted the date of 1880, and just underneath, in a sort of oval, were the initials, very faint, "C. C. M." On the barrel, cylinder and frame were the initials "D. F. C." followed by a 'P' at right angles to the initials. The serial number was 62689, and all the numbers matched except the number on the "gate." First inspection. The second inspection proved more enlightening.

A TRUE collector would cringe at the thought of firing such a treasure. But to me, the ol' prospector, the name Sandy King was unknown, and a Colt is a Colt.

An inquiry was made to the Factory Colt Historian with unsatisfactory results. However, one day while awaiting a matter in court at the county seat of Georgetown, I decided to kill some time in the local library. The reading material selected at random, because of the Colt, was *Badmen of the West* by Hendricks. On page sixty-one a great discovery was made. There in print was the name Sandy King, and in association with none other than the famous outlaw, Curly Bill Brocius. Full name, William Brocius Graham. This discovery led to an immediate desire for further research.

Trips to Tombstone, Bisbee and the remains of Galeyville in Arizona, Curly Bill's stronghold, were undertaken with



Mar 1910

Dear Mr Knight

The gun I showed you is going to be my Curly Bill of Lordsburg Days. The number you asked for is 62689. The gun that belonged to Wyatt Earp of Tombstone Days. Only you see the gun after Curly had got hold of it. Sandy King

Sandy thinks that you were right that the place really goes back to Civil War days. We have seen some good signs of gold as well as lead. Now we have to work. You will see if it is good enough for us to work. All our best wishes to you Mrs Knight and Sandy

Yours truly

Sandy King

Left: Letter from Sandy King to D. A. Knight. Below: Letter from Knight to Jim Blake, the author.

November 23, 1973.

Dear Jim

The gun you found is a real find. This gun was to be given to me upon the death of Sandy King. He promised it to me in an old letter he wrote me about a year ago. I will give it to you at the next meeting or if I should see you at the Georgetown meeting

I was instrumental in getting them to leave the Lexington Mine around 1880. They never did find where the vein crosses your campus.

Doubtful Bonderosa and old Sandy also worked for the old Crowning prospect in a tunnel just about in front of your house. Two of them dead, the Sandy were killed in that drift later on.

I described the gun many times after that it died in the fall of 1910 around May the friend you mentioned in Deadwood Gulch. I was able to find here the dental Bowie and other gear that belonged to Hattie.

The best vein they found was the one near the cabin. The ore was a chalcopyrite

Yours truly,

little results. Breckenridge was also visited as this was the West Texas area rumored to be his birthplace. The only satisfaction came from articles printed in the Tombstone *Epitaph* as regards to background information. It was learned that Curly Bill was a cattle rustler, stagecoach robber, killer, and just plain mean when under the influence. He was also handsome, generous, compassionate and a giant of a man. Very well built, husky, with a barrel chest and thick forearms, he had black curly hair and was at least two inches over six feet tall. He was fast with his guns but he was by no means a Ringo or Holliday.

That Brocius was good to his men was brought out in the *Badmen of the West* where it relates how he tried to care for Sandy King after King had been shot by Deputy Billy Breakenridge who did serve under Sheriff John H. Behan. This is when Curly Bill gave Sandy King one of his Colts, as he thought Sandy was going to die. As it turned out, a lieutenant from Fort Apache happened along, made a deal with Curly, and took Sandy to the fort where he was treated by a doctor and released.

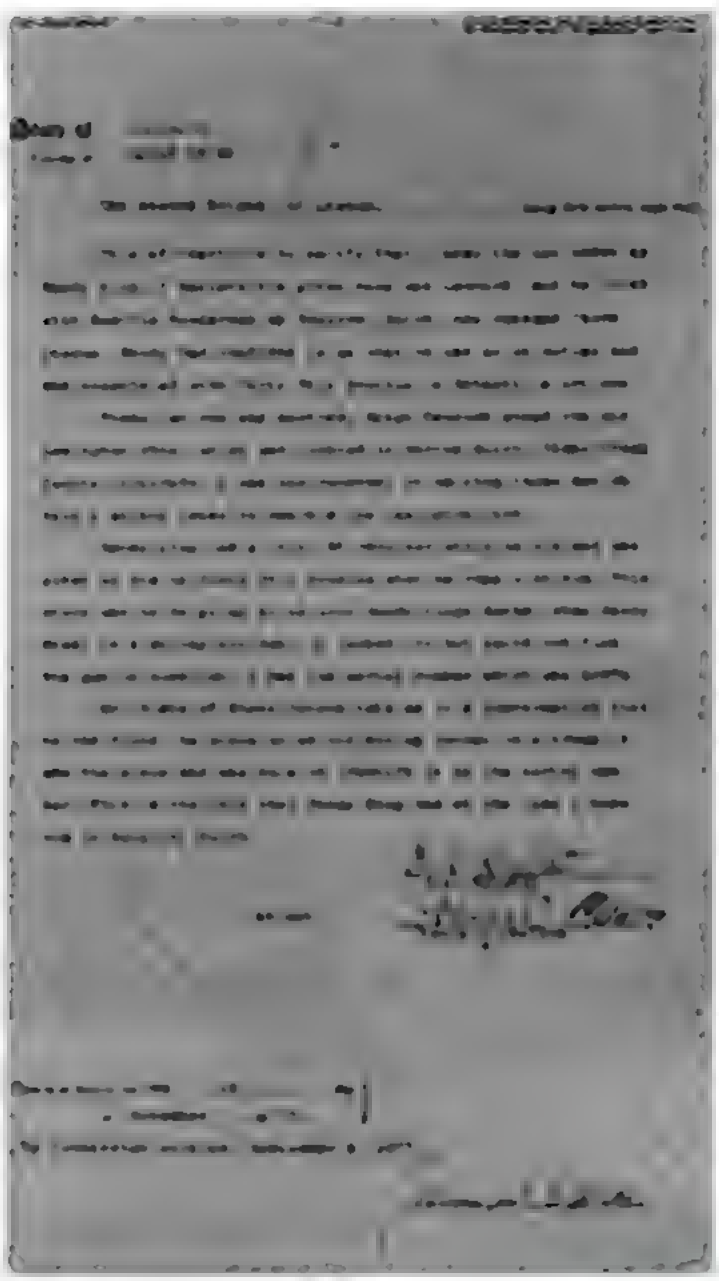
Curly Bill's confederates consisted of King, Ringo, the Clantons, the McLaury brothers, Frank Stilwell, Pete Spence, Zwing Hunt, Billy Grounds, Dan Dowd, Tex Howard, and many more too numerous to mention. This group was referred to as the "Cowboys," who were the mortal enemies of the Earps in Tombstone. The feud between the Cowboys and the Earps culminated in the "Shootout at the OK Corral." The Earps, along with Doc Holliday, were victorious in that famous incident, but at the time in question, Curly Bill, Sandy King and Ringo were across the Mexican border robbing a Mexican mule train of its gold. It is interesting now to speculate about the outcome of the shootout if Curly Bill and Ringo had been there.

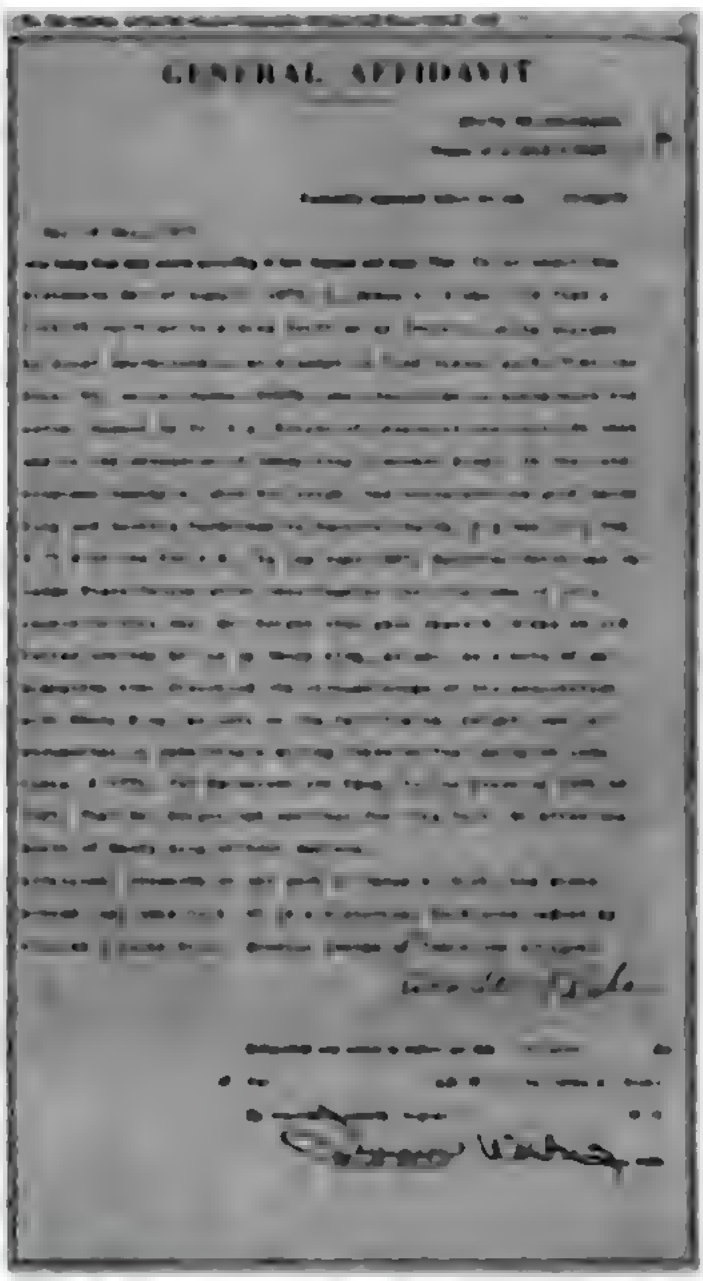
Wyatt Earp knew Curly Bill was responsible for the maiming of his brother Virgil, and the subsequent death by shooting of his brother Morgan. Earp set out to take revenge, and actually became a wanted man. It was during this time that Sheriff Behan deputized Curly Bill and most of his band for the sole purpose of hunting down Wyatt and his crew. This caused the death of Curly Bill who was killed by Wyatt Earp on March 25, 1882 at Mescal Springs, Arizona, about nine miles south of Tombstone. Brocius was the last man killed by Wyatt Earp in his long career on the Western frontier. This affair is referred to as "The Last Shootout."

RESEARCH on the Colt can be laid directly on miners and other people

(Continued on page 40)

Affidavits concerning the famous Colt once owned by Curly Bill.





IN QUEST OF A

— designed by a man who described the Western terrain as "wholly unclassable, almost impassable, and scarcely jackassable"

GUY COOPER set a world-record order for a single type of vehicle in the spring of 1906, when he sold a train of twenty freight cars, loaded with Coquillard Wagons. The wagons were shipped to towns in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, and Oklahoma Territory. Many other carriage manufacturers had shipped trainloads of various types of vehicles, but this was the first trainload of one kind that has been shipped, according to a reporter who had been sent to cover the event for *The Vehicle Dealer*.

To mark the occasion, each freight car was draped with bunting upon which was printed its destination. Pulled by old "Mo-Pac" engine No. 19, the twenty freight cars of Coquillards made a memorable picture. One carload was left in Missouri, eight cars were delivered to Kansas dealers, four were left in various Indian Territory towns, and the remaining seven continued to towns in Oklahoma Territory.

The Coquillard Wagon—a neglected facet in the literature of Western expansion following the Civil War— is little known and less honored by America, the land which it helped to open and develop.

Alexis Coquillard started the Coquillard Wagon Company in South Bend, Indiana in 1865. This remarkable company was the builder of fine wagons, carriages, and sleighs. South Bend was the early hub of frontier wagon manufacturers. Coquillard was one of the strong spokes in this important hub, along with Studebaker, Chockelt, Winkler, the South Bend Wagon Company, and others. The Coquillard wagon was popular with the Amish farmers as well as with early Western-bound immigrants.

The Coquillard family roots had been planted deep in South Bend by Alexis Coquillard, the fur trader, who was an uncle of Alexis, the wagon maker. He had the business foresight to see that the countless acres of cheap timber land that were laced with streams in St. Joseph County, Indiana would some day pay big dividends.

South Bend was named by Alexis, the fur trader. He was a descendant of Peter Serat dit Coquillard who emigrated from France to La Chine, Canada in the late 1600s. Little is known of Peter, except that "he was one of the trustees of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Anne's." Each successive generation of Coquillards moved farther southwest, until one branch of the family reached Detroit, Michigan where Alexis was born in 1795.

He was a brave and dependable boy who grew up to understand and respect the local Indians and their culture. The Potawatomis held him in high esteem. Because of their mutual regard, Alexis was asked by the U. S. government to aid in the disagreeable task of moving the Indians to their new Kansas reservation in 1840.

Alexis, while still in his teens, served the American army as a courier in the War of 1812. His knowledge of the Indian language and customs enabled him to become a successful Indian trader. Later he became an agent for the American Fur Trading Company. To all who knew him, his name was synonymous with "honesty, sagacity, and truth."

In 1820, the Astors sent Alexis and his partner, Francis Comparet, to Ft. Wayne, Indiana to manage their trading post. Two years later, he and his partner bought out the American Fur Trading Company which dominated fur-trading in the lower lakes area. Alexis then left his partner in Ft. Wayne and traveled west into St. Joseph County and built a trading post on the south bend of the St. Joseph River.

His enthusiastic letters describing the great opportunities afforded by this new land motivated his brother, Benjamine Coquillard of Detroit, to move his family to South Bend. They came by boat in 1829, when Alexis (the wagon maker) was only four years old.

BENJAMINE COQUILLARD became the proprietor of the Union Hall Tavern in South Bend. Young Alexis developed into a keen observer. Each day Alexis studied the fascinating and varied activities that were taking place in that frontier settlement. Among other things he watched Peter Johnson build the first

Alexis Coquillard, the wagon maker.

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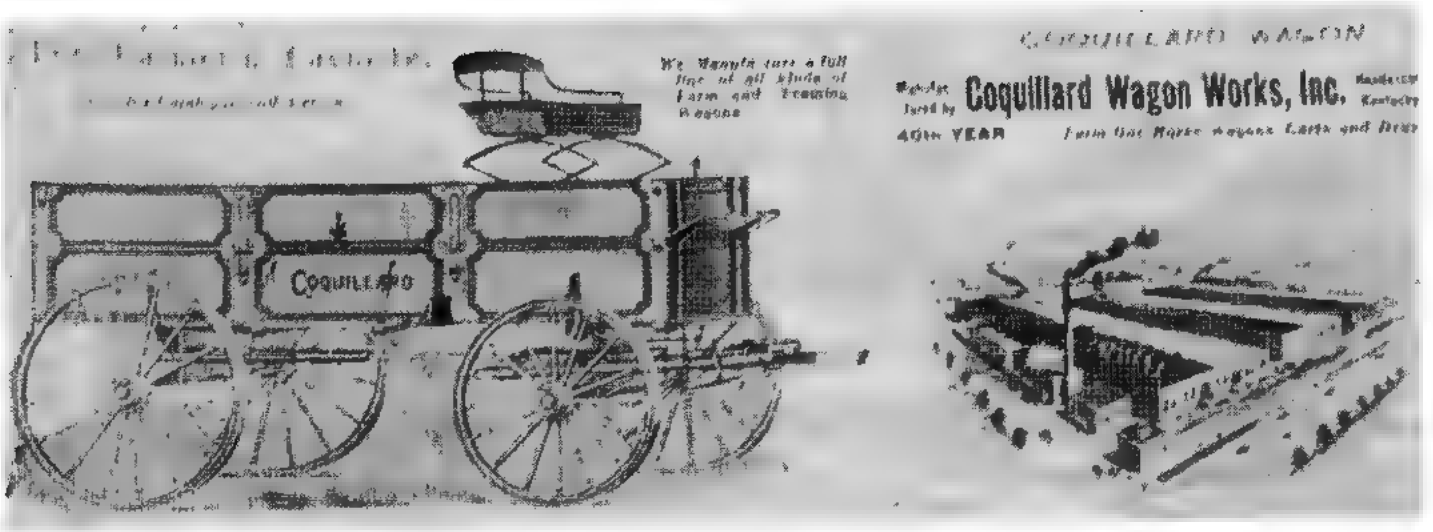


The Coquillard evolved from a heavy wagon with a tall cumbersome endgate in 1869 to a trim sleek vehicle in 1904. From an advertisement in the *Carriage Dealer Journal*, December 1904.

wagon in South Bend, a picture that remained in his mind throughout his lifetime.

At the age of fourteen, while working on his uncle's ferry that transported passengers across the St. Joseph River, Alexis promoted his first successful business venture. Inasmuch as the passengers needed transportation from the ferry to their destinations, he persuaded his mother to purchase Mr. Johnson's new wagon to be used for that purpose.

Alexis' formal education began in the winter of 1842 when the Reverend Edward Sorin, founder of Notre Dame, arrived in South Bend to take over the mission of St. Mary's of the Lake. Alexis was asked to take Reverend Sorin to his new teaching post. They became close friends at their first meeting and Alexis had the honor of being the first student to enroll in Sorin's frontier school, which some time later became the famous Notre Dame University.

Since Alexis was a serious scholar, he acquired a good education by the time gold was discovered in California. Like most young men of his day he wanted to try his luck at mining. His Uncle Alexis lent him $2,000 to finance this "glorious adventure." He and nine other boys formed the "St. Joseph Valley Mining and Operating Company" and went to California. They traveled overland in covered wagons to Marysville.

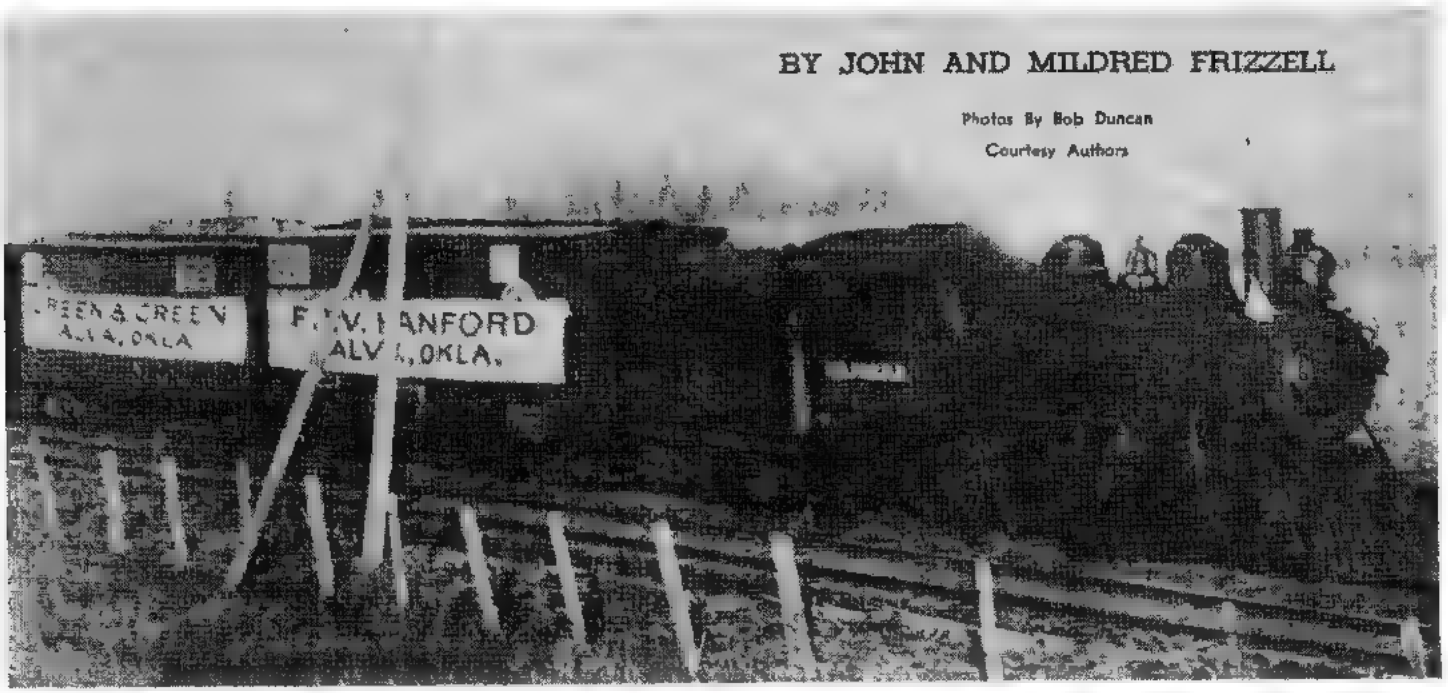
Along the way Alexis was unaware that he was serving an apprenticeship for a later profession by helping to repair, redesign, and rebuild the wagons in his overland train to keep them rolling over terrain which was "wholly unclassable,

(Continued on page 38)

COQUILLARD WAGON

BY JOHN AND MILDRED FRIZZELL

Photos By Bob Duncan
Courtesy Authors



Twenty freight cars filled with Coquillard farm wagons headed southwest into Oklahoma in the spring of 1906. From *The Vehicle Dealer*, April 1906.

Uncle Billy Jacobs' Story

(Continued from page 11)

Pecos Carter went ahead to dicker with the cattle buyers.

IT WAS Josh Stuart who told us the story of the pile of rocks that gave the roundup camp its name. It seemed that a young cowboy turned outlaw, called the Powder River Kid, a member of the Hole in the Wall Gang, was working on the fall beef roundup for one of the large Wyoming cow outfits. A hell of a good bronc rider, he was riding one of his rough string when a thunder and lightning storm came up, stampeding the beef steers. Come daybreak they found the dead body of the Powder River Kid pinned down by his dead horse. He was buried where he died and the cowpunchers piled some rocks on his shallow grave. After that every roundup and trail outfit that camped there piled on a few more boulders until the rocks were as high as a horse's withers.

There was a large granite boulder that had been placed on the grave with the following words chisled on it:

Here lies the earthly remains
Of the Powder River Kid
Born and christened in the name of
Clay Lockhart
Dead at the age of 23, Sept. 1, 1868
Who died as he had lived
Bravely and without fear
May his soul rest
In eternal peace.

Josh told us that every year, come September 1st, some veiled woman, dressed in black, came at night and left a bunch of twenty-three red roses at the foot of the big boulder, then vanished into the darkness. Though some cowpunchers had sighted the veiled woman in black who rode side saddle on a big black horse that had plenty of speed, nobody ever come within rifle shot of her. There were a lot of wild rumors about her identity and her relationship to the Powder River Kid. Until his real name, Clay Lockhart, was chiseled on the granite boulder nobody in that part of the cow country had ever known his name.

It was taken for granted that the mysterious woman in black was the Powder River Kid's sweetheart. Since she wanted her true identity kept secret the cowboys who worked in Wyoming or with the passing trail herds respected her wishes and made no attempt to pry into her private affairs, but each one added to the rock pile until the monument could be seen for miles.

Josh said that a few years before, the large granite boulder had been pried up with crowbars and shovels and under it a big hole had been dug. Instead of the skeleton bones of the Powder River Kid, whose grave was supposedly under the inscribed boulder, there was a rusted steel Wells Fargo box, its heavy padlock shattered by a .45 slug, the lid pried open on rusted hinges, its contents emptied.

The long buried Wells Fargo box was in due time identified. The Hole in the Wall Gang had held up a stagecoach about ten years before, and the strong box with $10,000 in gold, destined for a Cheyenne bank, had vanished from sight. The rider on the black horse no longer paid an annual visit to lay twenty-three red roses at the foot of the inscribed boulder that had been tipped over. The rider was later believed to be a man who had succeeded in fooling the law officers and the Pinkerton range detectives all those years. When a Hole in the Wall outlaw was released from prison it was taken for granted that he and the rider on the black horse had dug up the cache and left for Argentina with a South America stake.

Josh Stuart claimed, though, that somewhere under the big rock pile still lay the bones of the Powder River Kid, and every cowhand in the Panhandle Pool trail outfit, including myself, added a rock to the monument.

WE HELD the drive of Longhorns almost a week at the Rock Pile to let the cattle buyers Pecos Carter brought out from Cheyenne ride through. Mostly when they eyed the Crazy Quilt road iron they backed out. Finally Pecos brought out a cattle buyer from Montana who was authorized to buy cattle for the N Bar Cattle Company. He asked no questions regarding the road iron and he wound up buying the Panhandle Pool trail herd, lock, stock and barrel—the Longhorns, the remuda, the mules, the wagons, the whole outfit—providing Pecos Carter and his crew would trail the cattle to the Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri River in northeastern Montana where the N Bar ranch was located.

Nobody in the pool outfit had ever been to Cheyenne and we were all rearing to go to town. Pecos divided the crew in half and I went with the first half along with Josh Stuart who had to sign some legal papers Pecos had already signed in a lawyer's office. The cowtown was booming. I never saw so many cowboys in one big gatherment, riding up and down the street and walking around with their spurs let out to the town hole. The saloon keepers, tinhorn gamblers and dance halls were reaping a big harvest.

Josh told me he had business to tend to, that we were spending the night in town and heading for camp at daybreak. He told me to stick close to our own boys, so I threw in with Cotton Eye, the nighthawk. We bought ourselves some new clothes and took hot water baths at the rear of the barbershop. Dressed in our new duds I waited until Cotton Eye got shaved, then we headed for the Longhorn Saloon which was the favorite hangout for cattlemen and cowboys. Porky Parker, the Texan owner of the Longhorn Saloon, was a short, paunchy, red faced man with sunny blue eyes and sorrel colored hair that was streaked with gray. He told me I'd better stick to drinking beer, that I'd get no hard liquor at the Longhorn.

Along towards midnight I had given up trying to find a hotel room that wasn't occupied until Porky sent me to a two-story rooming house across the street from his saloon. He wrote on one of his business cards and told me to hand it to Sleepy Jones, the man who ran the rooming house, and he'd fix me up for the night. Porky said the chances were I'd have to wake old Sleepy up, that I'd find him dozing on his cot behind the desk.

I was woozy in the head when I crossed the street to the rooming house. Sure enough Sleepy Jones was snoring when I tapped the bell on the desk. Sleepy was the fattest man I ever laid eyes on, a short legged man as broad as he was long. When he came alive he told me to use a room at the end of the hall upstairs. He said I didn't need a key because none of the rooms had keys, but I'd know the room because it had a dim light showing through the transom.

THE Panhandle Pool trail herd pulled out the next day bound for Montana. When the cattle were delivered to the N Bar at the Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri River, together with the remuda and wagons, it was the parting of the trails. Pecos Carter and most of the outfit were heading back to Texas Panhandle, including Bob and old Yaqui and Cotton Eye. Josh Stuart decided to remain in Montana and he asked me to throw in with him.

Before Pecos Carter left, he took me to one side and told me that Josh Stuart had worn out his welcome in Texas. Josh and another cowpuncher had gathered a little bunch of cows with calves big enough to wean. The cattle didn't belong to Josh and he had them corralled at his ranch on the Canadian when three cowhands rode up. When the dust settled the three cowhands were dead. One had a range detective's badge pinned to his undershirt. Josh and his cowhand burned the badge and what papers the range detective had, and they loaded the dead men in a wagon and took them to Tascosa to plant in boot hill. Josh told his cowhand to drift yonderly but he stayed to help wean the calves and brand them in Josh's JS iron before he quit the country. At the trial Josh pleaded self-defense and came clear but it was only a matter of time before some range detective came nosing around so Josh decided to throw his cattle into the Panhandle Pool because Charlie Goodnight had hired the range detective and those three dead cowhands were all working for Goodnight at the time.

Pecos told me that Josh Stuart had asked him to tell me about it before I decided to throw in with him. I told Pecos it made no never mind to me, that me'n Josh were pardners till hell froze over because right from the first day I showed up it was Josh Stuart who looked after me.

When Josh Stuart hired out to the N Bar it was with the understanding they'd hire me too. Come winter me'n Josh were sent to a line camp in the Sweet Grass Hills close to the Canadian line. We worked for the N Bar for about two years before Josh finally found a location that suited us both. It was the N Bar line camp on the Missouri where 7 Mile emptied into the river, and the whole shootin' match was given to us for free by the N Bar outfit, providing we would winter their cattle. We bought our cows and bulls from the N Bar and registered our new brand, The Spiderweb iron, with the Montana

(Continued on page 34)

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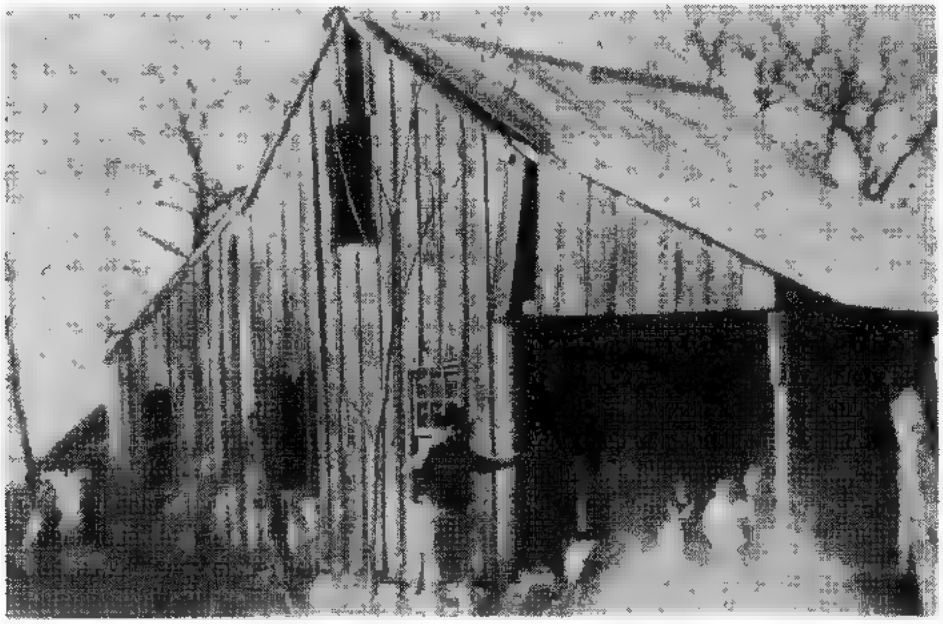
Where young Joe Cole spent a restless night in the same room with Cull Mims: their room was the one with the second-floor window.



The Evenin' I Met Cull Mims

By JOE A. COLE

For a little while anyway, he "knocked the hurry out of me" —and that's something a boy doesn't forget!

Billie is on the left side of the photo.

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN I was nine or ten, my father bought a little dark bay Mexican pony about five years old. He was what was called a "coon-footed" horse. He had a UL brand on his left thigh and a little star on his forehead; we called him Billy. He would weigh about 750 pounds, and he had a little step-n-fetchit saddle gait; he was my horse.

When I was sent on an errand or went any place, Billy and me did not use the step-n-fetchit gait. We went in a fast lope or a dead run. I rode him Indian style: just a rope around his neck and a loop over his nose. He had a long black mane and tail and the mane was as a saddle horn: I used it to mount, and to hold on to after I was mounted. I weighed about eighty-five pounds and was as dark as any Mexican. I had long black hair and went bare-headed and bare-footed.

Down the road from where we lived, three-and-a-half miles, was where Mr. John Willeford lived. He ran a butcher shop in Muldoon (Texas). He killed his beef at home on a Friday p.m., let it hang until Saturday morning, then took it to the shop in Muldoon to sell.

Well, it was Friday, about 4 p.m. It was early spring: warm through the day, and cool at night. I was a ways from the house; had a slingshot, trying to kill a field lark in a corn patch. I heard Mama calling me, "Jodie! Joe! Jodie!"

I stuck my slingshot in my pocket and struck a long trot to the house to see what she wanted. She was standing in the yard with a flour sack in her hand with two nickels tied in one corner of it. She handed me the sack, told me to catch Billy and go to Mr. Willeford's and get a dime's worth of cow liver for supper.

In those days beef liver sold for 5¢ a pound, and they never went to the trouble to weigh it; just cut off a piece and handed it to you. I'm sure sometimes for 10¢ you got four pounds. Anyway, I stuck the sack in my shirt, and struck a trot to the plum orchard where Billy was kept.

As I turned to go, Mama yelled, "An' don't run that horse to death! Just ride him in a saddle gait; I ain't in no hurry. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mama, I hear you."

"Well, do as I said: don't run Billy all the way over there!"

I am sure she knew I would not ride in a saddle gait all the way. I'd been told a hundred times not to run Billy to death, I think.

Billy just liked to run. All you had to do was touch him with your heel, give him a little slack, and he'd be in a fast run. He was good for three or four miles in a lope. And run—I wish I could find the right words to tell how I felt when I was on that little Mexican pony when he was running at full speed, his mane and tail flying and the wind blowing my hair back. And to hear those feet of his hitting the ground like a machine gun firing. I rode him jockey-style with my head on the left side of his neck, both hands full of that black mane, and I

(Continued on page 44)

TAKING A HEAD

This is for everyone who enjoys

EVERY tenth year since 1790, the United States government has made a head count. And each decade the census taker, going house-to-house, family-to-family, has had columns added to his tabulation. In April of last year (1976) the House voted a federal census every *five* years to keep pace of the rapidly changing patterns of society. Business wants to update data for "marketing decisions." (The skeptical mutter that it is one way of redrawing congressional districts.)

For the first sixty years, the census listed only the head of the household and his place of residence. Then, lumped together, were all free white males and females under and over sixteen years of age. The totals for the females might include a man's unnamed wife, mother, aunts, and other kin living in the house. His slaves were listed in a separate column.

The 1850 census was the first to list the names and ages of not only the head of the household, but of his wife and their children, boarders, hired help, in-laws and any others living at his address. It also showed places of birth for all, and the profession or occupation of each. The husband might be listed as a farmer or bartender; his wife almost invariably as "keeping house" and his children "at home" or "in school" or "help on farm."

This census is a joy to modern family seekers, tracing migrations across the country, marked by ages and frequency of progeny. A family setting out on the westward trek might have a six-year-old named Tennessee; a five-year-old named Missouri; a four-year-old named Kansas; and an infant called Iowa. If birthplaces indicate European origins, this rejoices genealogy researchers who can then go to naturalization court records to hunt further!

The 1850 census picked up sojourners down the Santa Fe Trail following the magnet of gold strikes in California. A new requirement was to note school attendance; to list color and race. "W" was for white; "B" for black; "M" for Mixed or for Mulatto; "Ch" for Chinese; and "Ind" for Indian.

KANSAS Governor Andrew Reeder took a Territorial census in 1855 which listed 400 Abolitionists, 151 free Negroes and 192 slaves, and 152 Southern men. It stated that Ohio and Boston had furnished the most immigrants.

By 1860, an added column required all to declare their value in real estate or personal belongings. Many—in fact, most—said "nothing." Others declared $100 to $10,000.

The 1865 Kansas census listed one very large family twice. On June 1, the tabulator visited the French-Canadian riverman Louis Pappan who operated ferryboats across the Kaw River to move the westering throng ($10 per wagon and team; preachers and kids free). With him was his "¼ Ind" wife Julia and their children. She was the daughter of another trader, Louis Gonvil, and his wife who was the Indian princess Wyhee-see, child of Chief White Plume. Their children were shown as M for mixed blood. The first enumerator listed them

age No. 9 } Inquiries numbered 7, 16, and 17 are not to be asked

SCHEDULE 1.—Inhabitants in Rutland Town

of Kansas, enumerated by me on the 13

Post Office: Montgomery City

Dwelling-houses, numbered in the order of visitation.	Families, numbered in the order of visitation.	The name of every person whose place of abode on the first day of June, 1870, was in this family.	Description: Age at last birth-day. If under 1 year, (five months in fraction, thus, 5/12)	Description: Sex.—Males (M.), Females (F.)	Description: Color.—White (W.), Black (B.), Mulatto (M.), Chinese (Ch.), Indian (I.)	Profession, Occupation, or Trade of each person, male or female.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
87	88	Knowles G L	24	M	W	Farmer
88	89	Dann B	68	M	W	Farmer
		— Mary	56	F	W	Keeping house
		— Geo A	34	M	W	Physician
		Berry Mary E	13	F	W	domestic Servt
89	90	Engle W P	34	M	W	Carpenter &
		— Caroline	30	F	W	Keeping house
		— Mary	5	F	W	
		— Laura	3	F	W	
		Engle Caroline	2/12	F	W	
90	91	Lumber G N	27	M	W	Farmer
		— M J	18	F	W	Keeping house
91	92	Mason Ed	25	M	W	Farmer
92	93	Simone Robt	62	M	W	Farmer
		— Mary	44	F	W	Keeping house
		— Francis	16	M	W	at home
		— Geo	14	M	W	at home
		— Isabel	13	F	W	at home
		— Ellen	7	F	W	

Portion of the 1870 Census taken in Montgomery County, Kansas.

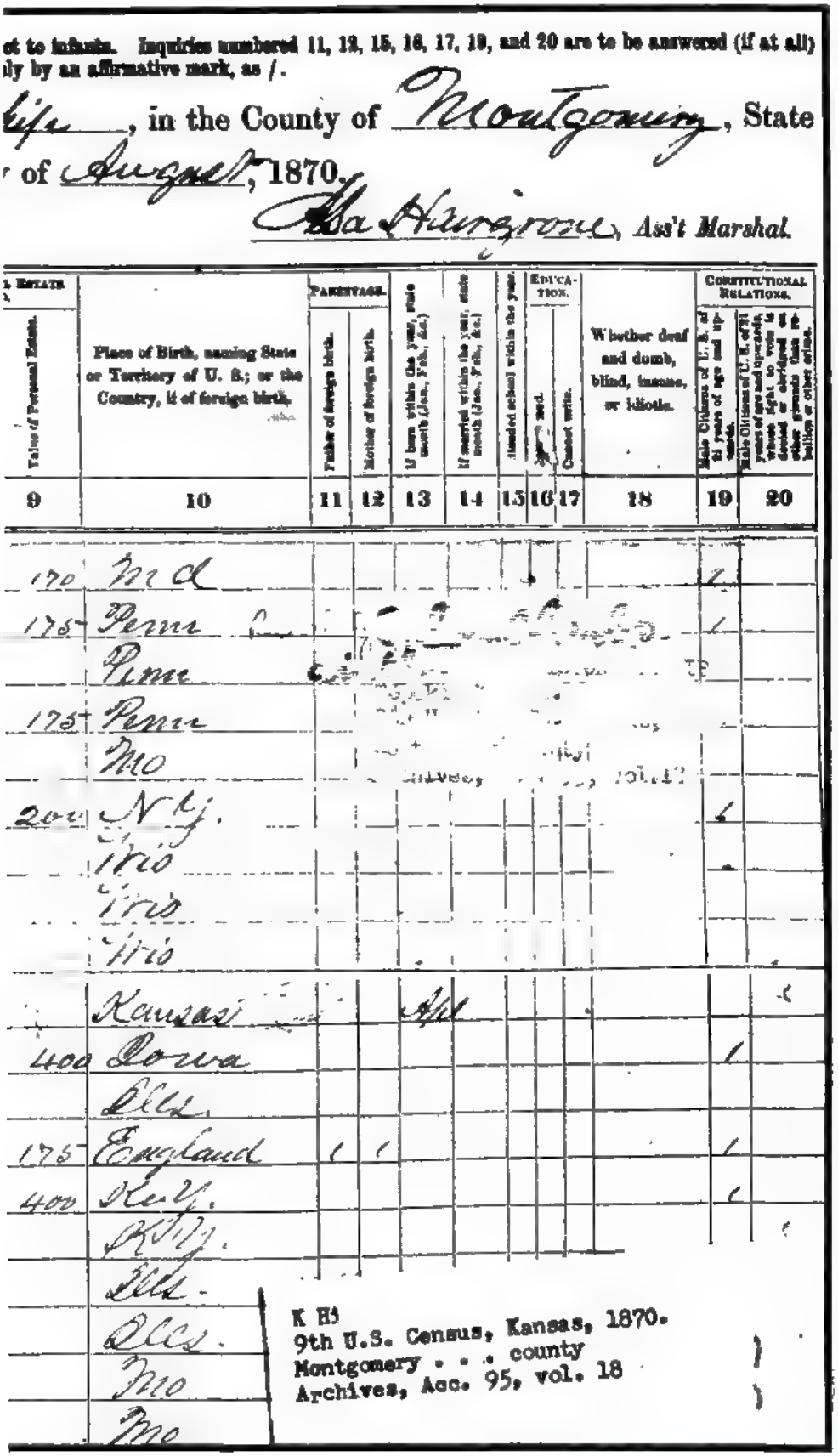
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COUNT

BY EILEEN CHARBO

Photocopy From Author

our "Trails Grown Dim" feature—



et to infants. Inquiries numbered 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, and 20 are to be answered (if at all) ly by an affirmative mark, as /.

life, in the County of Montgomery, State of August, 1870.

Wm Harbison, Ass't Marshal.

Value of Personal Estate.	Place of Birth, naming State or Territory of U. S.; or the Country, if of foreign birth.	Parentage. Father of foreign birth.	Parentage. Mother of foreign birth.	If born within the year, state month (Jan., Feb., &c.)	If married within the year, state month (Jan., Feb., &c.)	Attended school within the year.	Education. Read.	Education. Cannot write.	Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, or idiotic.	Constitutional Relations. Male Citizens of U. S. of 21 years of age and upwards.	Constitutional Relations. Male Citizens of U. S. of 21 years of age and upwards, whose right to vote is denied or abridged on other grounds than rebellion or other crime.
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
170	Md									1	
175	Penn									1	
	Penn										
175	Penn										
	Mo										
200	N.J.									1	
	Ohio										
	Ohio										
	Ohio										
	Kansas			1st							
400	Iowa									1	
	Ills										
175	England	1	1							1	
400	Ken.									1	
	Ken.										
	Ills.										
	Ills.										
	Mo										
	Mo										

K Hi
9th U.S. Census, Kansas, 1870.
Montgomery . . . county
Archives, Acc. 95, vol. 18

as Ellen, Henry, Andrew, Anthony, Joe, Frank. During the intervening month before the next enumerator appeared, the family had moved to another cable ferry location. This enumerator showed them as Louis and Julie; Helene, Henri, Andre, Antoine, Josef, and Francois.

The eldest daughter, best known as Ellen, would marry a character known as Capt. Jack (Curtis), who though somewhat undistinguished himself, would produce remarkable children known to the world as Charles Curtis and Dolly Gann. Charles would ride not once but twice up Pennsylvania Avenue as Vice-President, the first man of Indian blood to reach that high office. Dolly, who served as Washington hostess for her brother, would fight with more than ordinary country-girl spunk when Alice Longworth's strident voice demanded that Dolly be seated at state functions below the salt, so to speak. No less person than the Secretary of State was called in to decide the dispute that would take up columns of New York papers. Alice said no sister should be accorded the protocol in seating arrangement above that of a wife. But Dolly won.

The 1870 census reflected the upheaval of the Civil War. Sherman, Lee, Ulysses, Stonewall, Wade Hampton, and Jeb Stuart were sprinkled among the names of boys. The surge toward homestead lands, the developing West and a ruined South showed. New professions appeared among the old; bone picker; cattle feeder; steamboat fireman; old soldier; gambler; blacksmith; bartender; tinker, medicine showman; Indian agent; waiter; jailbird; itinerant; muleskinner; hack driver; hostler; whitemonger; woodcutter; washwoman.

One enumerator took his pen in hand and dipped it in red ink to ditto seven times the word "milliner" by which he designated a group of women in a frontier brothel not far from a fort filled with soldiers. Such names as Big Nose Kate; Blonde Mame; Madam Bulldog; Josie O. Lahore are recorded. Other tabulators cited the work of these professionals as "entertainer," "on back," "blank" and "goldroller."

By 1870 the census required all over the age of ten to declare if they could read and write; how far they had gone in school and place of birth of parents.

Down by Cherryvale, Kansas the census taker listed bloody Kate Bender and her devilish kin on their lonely hotel-homestead. Two years later, their departure, so hasty they left a calf to starve in the barnlot and kicked the family dog off the train steps at Tyro station, sent them to oblivion in spite of being the most hunted people of their time. The dog sat under the lumber wagon with the team for a return that never happened. Their grisly garden patch yielded shallow graves of nine victims of hammer murders from behind a canvas wall in the Bender "hotel."

ANOTHER 1870 census establishes the residence of the Ingalls family, heroes of perhaps the best loved of all children's adventure books. "Little House

(Continued on page 46)

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Christening The Red Onion

Dry-land pilgrims didn't have much chance with thousands of acres of sandstone and junipers, but it always took them a while to find that out . . .

BY WALTER GOLDSMITH

Photos Courtesy Author

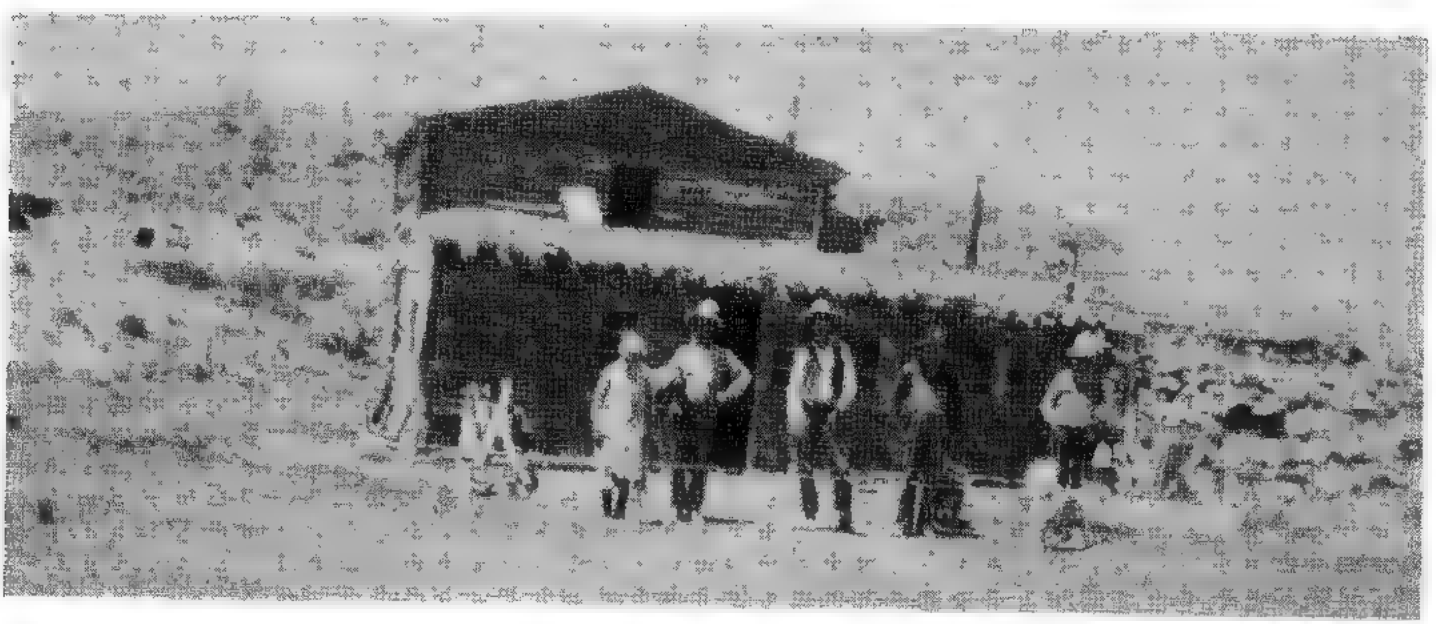
DAD DAVIDSON was a neighbor of ours. His sons and I were almost the same age and Dad was like one of the family at our house, as I was at his. His wife died and he and his boys batched on their homesteads. We were all dry farmers. Our place was located on top of Blue Mountain in Colorado. Below the mountain along Highway 40 there were several little post offices between the present-day towns of Dinosaur and Elk Springs, but those post offices no longer exist.

Dad rode into our place one evening about dusk, whistling like anyone who is happy would be likely to do. He spent the night with us and told us he was on his way to Red Wash to see his son Bill who was working on the road with his team of horses. We gave him some letters to mail for us and bade him goodbye the next morning. He rode off on his nice little quarter mare, Snip, with only a hackamore and a single hair rope to control her. "She was dog gentle," he always said.

About four or five days later I met a neighboring rancher, Azer Johnson, who told me he had found Dad Davidson's horse loose with the saddle on her and he had turned her into the Davidson pasture and hung the saddle on the gate post. He wondered what had happened. So did I! For I knew where Dad had been planning to go. I caught a fresh horse and started to follow the course, the only possible one Dad could take. Soon I picked up the tracks down the Williams trail where Snip had climbed up the mountain dragging her single rein of rope. A mile or so farther I saw man tracks in the trail.

I tried to follow them but they were too wandering and by that time I was sure I needed help. It was only about three or four miles from the road camp where Bill was, so I loped on down there and got in about noon and told Bill my story. Bill, Jim Blackburn, and maybe

Lige Estes homestead. The original dugout and cellar are in the background (upper left). Pictured: Grandmother Liz Estes, "Lige" L. E. Estes, Walter Goldsmith, "Dad" Davidson, and Jim Blackburn.



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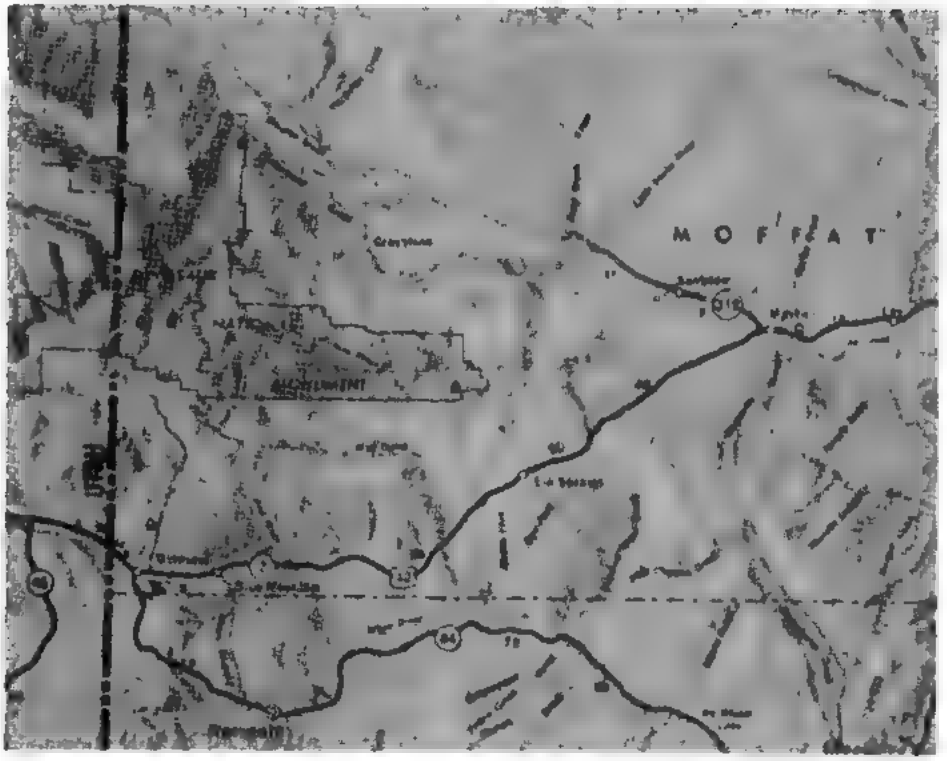


Map Courtesy Department of Highways, State of Colorado

Map of northwest Colorado. Scale: 1 inch—15 miles.

someone else went with me to Wild Cow Park where I had found the man tracks. We trailed around through the slab rocks and junipers for most of the rest of the day. This was in August and hot as hot can get.

We found a small pot-hole out on a smooth slab rock about four feet in diameter. It had a dead coyote in it. Dad had been there, we figured, because he chewed tobacco and there were tobacco splatters about the pot-hole. We didn't think he had tried to drink from the pot-hole or he would have been in it with the coyote.

We finally picked up his tracks heading down a small canyon. No tracks returning! Sure enough, about a quarter of a mile down this canyon, lying in a small cave in the water-worn side of the wash, we found Dad and his dog Casey. They were both in bad shape from dehydration. We got Dad on my horse and I rode in back to hold him in case he might slip and fall off the saddle. He was babbling about the beautiful water—wanting to wade out into that lake and drink all he could hold. There wasn't a lake in the entire county, but ironically there was water within two or three miles of where we found him.

The author standing next to what is left of the Red Onion School.

THE only doctor within seventy-five miles had just passed the road camp a few minutes before I got there with Dad. I flagged down a tourist car and, since I was just a kid and not too offensive looking, they let me ride on their front fender to Skull Creek where I found the doctor's Ford resting and the doctor likewise.

We were soon on our way back to Red Wash just as fast as Doc's Model-T could go over the rough roads. When we got there Doc gave Dad the usual examination and let him have a couple teaspoons of water. We were all sitting out in front of the little dugout under the overhang or porch.

Pretty soon I got thirsty and went into the dugout, where Dad was, to get a drink. As I finished drinking Dad said, "Kid, give me a dipper of water, will you?" So I obligingly gave him a drink. About five minutes later the doctor came in, pulled his huge watch out of his pocket and said, "Well, I think it is about time he had another spoon of water."

He asked Dad if he wanted some water and Dad said, "Yes," but not with too much enthusiasm. Doc spooned him up some, then commented about how good he was getting along. "He isn't nearly as thirsty as I thought he would be after five or six days without water."

I thought, "My God, what have I done!"

I fully expected to see Dad collapse—and to be sure he did. But it took five or six years before it happened. Dad lived with our family until he died and he never could remember what happened. Sunstroke? We never found his spurs or coat which contained the letters he was to mail for us. Someday someone will find a pair of silver mounted spurs with LSV inlaid in silver and wonder who they belonged to.

It will probably be a stray tourist like some of those who used to wander up over the west end of Blue Mountain only to find the road had almost vanished into trails and side roads. You could hardly ever give one directions without being asked, "Oh yes, another thing. I want to inquire about that pile of red rocks back about two miles; looks like an old fort or something." Usually I just said I guessed someone had dropped them there—but that pile of red sandstone and memories are all that remain of the famous "Red Onion." And that name isn't exactly *famous* to anyone who didn't happen to be living in the northwestern corner of Colorado.

IT all came about like this. During the latter part of World War I and immediately after, there was a great back-

(Continued on page 48)

ARKICHITA AND A WICKED TEXAS COWBOY

Indian tracker versus Army bully —and guess who won!

A Frank Fiske photo of a young Sioux (courtesy Louis Olmsted). It reflects our mental picture of Arkichita but the photo is unidentified. How would you like this determined fellow to be on your trail?

BY NANCY BAILEY

THE settlers, soldiers, and gold hunters who inhabited Dakota Territory of the early 1880s found that it was often a land of lethal extremes. Nature was liable to spring anything from a cyclone to a deadly ice storm, to a nightmare of whirling red dust. And whatever agonies the weather failed to provide were taken care of by the Indians—the Sioux had been forced into the Dakotas by the Ojibway and they were determined not to be pushed any further by gold- and land-hungry whites.

In view of all that, the one-hundred enlisted men and six officers detailed to the Fort Sisseton Military Reservation should have been delighted by the tranquility of August 1882. Fort Sisseton baked peacefully on the prairie near Big Stone Lake and the Minnesota border, about as far away from the Black Hills gold frenzy as one could get and still stay in what is now South Dakota. Sitting Bull was in custody and the Sioux seemed passive.

But the men of Fort Sisseton weren't aware that they were merely experiencing the calm eye of a hurricane, nor were they particularly grateful. They were bored stiff. So, when they found that they were to have a grandstand view of a battle of cunning between the brilliant Sioux scout, Arkichita, and a genuine Texas no-good, they were electrified.

The incident began at suppertime on an evening in mid-August. The officers were dining in the colonel's quarters when they were interrupted by a pounding at the door. Young Lieutenant W. C. Bennett, who later wrote an eye-witness account of the happenings, had already spotted a uniformed Indian scout through the window. The scout's face was so badly bruised as to make him unrecognizable.

Staggering into the roomful of officers, the man identified himself as Buffalo Calf and explained angrily that one of the soldiers, a Texan named Brice, had nearly beaten him to death in a dispute over two lambs. The lambs had been abandoned by a sheepherder crossing the Military Reservation and offered to any

finder. Buffalo Calf had taken them to the garrison stable, planning to raise them to tasty maturity because now that the buffalo had vanished, meat was scarce. But to the Indian scout's dismay, Brice had taken one look at the lambs and confiscated them, beating Buffalo Calf severely when he protested.

Brice was a bully who was constantly boasting to the other men about his lurid past as a lawless cowboy down in Texas and who was so hateful of authority that it is something of a mystery why he ever joined the army. Nobody was particularly upset when he was given thirty days hard labor and the forfeit of ten dollars in pay.

Brice, knowing that he was being punished as much for his obnoxious nature as for the beating of the Indian, swore bloody revenge on all concerned, including the colonel. For his continual threats, he was put on two weeks of bread and water.

Brice wasn't about to put up with that. "No guardhouse can hold me," he bragged. "They tried it in Texas and I got away." No one took him too seriously, but a few days later he overpowered the guard bringing his supper, and fled. He may well have chosen this time because the chief scout, Arkichita, was some forty miles away at the Sisseton Indian Agency, and Arkichita was a legendary tracker of men.

The other soldiers assumed that Brice was still in the neighborhood because he didn't have equipment, provisions, or a horse, and there was nothing for miles but open prairie. His only hope, it seemed, was to hide somewhere nearby and wait for a chance to steal what he needed.

HAD Arkichita been at the fort, Brice probably would have been tracked down immediately. As it was, he was still missing by daylight, although two of the sergeants, Pallens and Loclins, had a pretty good idea where he might be. There was an abandoned icehouse partly full of straw near the guardhouse that made a splendid hiding place since nobody wanted to go to all the hot work of forking out the straw.

Loclins had an inspiration. Loudly he asked Pallens for matches. Pallens at first thought that his friend wanted to smoke and told him that he was crazy around so much dry straw. Loclins then announced that it was his intention to either flush Brice out or roast him alive by deliberately firing the straw. He then shouted loudly to Pallens to bar the door after him, pretending that he had indeed tossed a lucifer into the tinder.

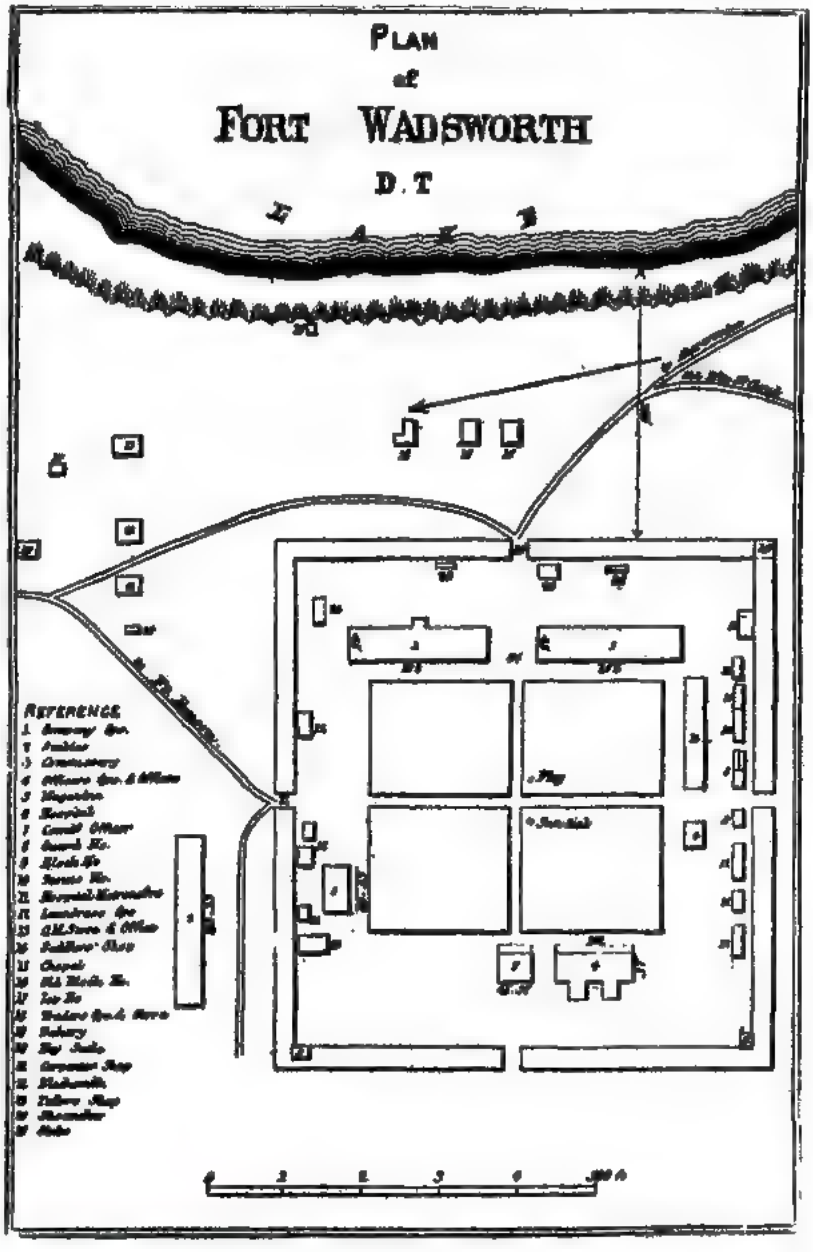
A panicky Brice came leaping from the straw like a dolphin from the waves, only

(Continued on page 40)

Below left: Arrow points location of Fort. Below right: Original plan of Sisseton when it was in the Dakota Territory and known as Fort Wadsworth.

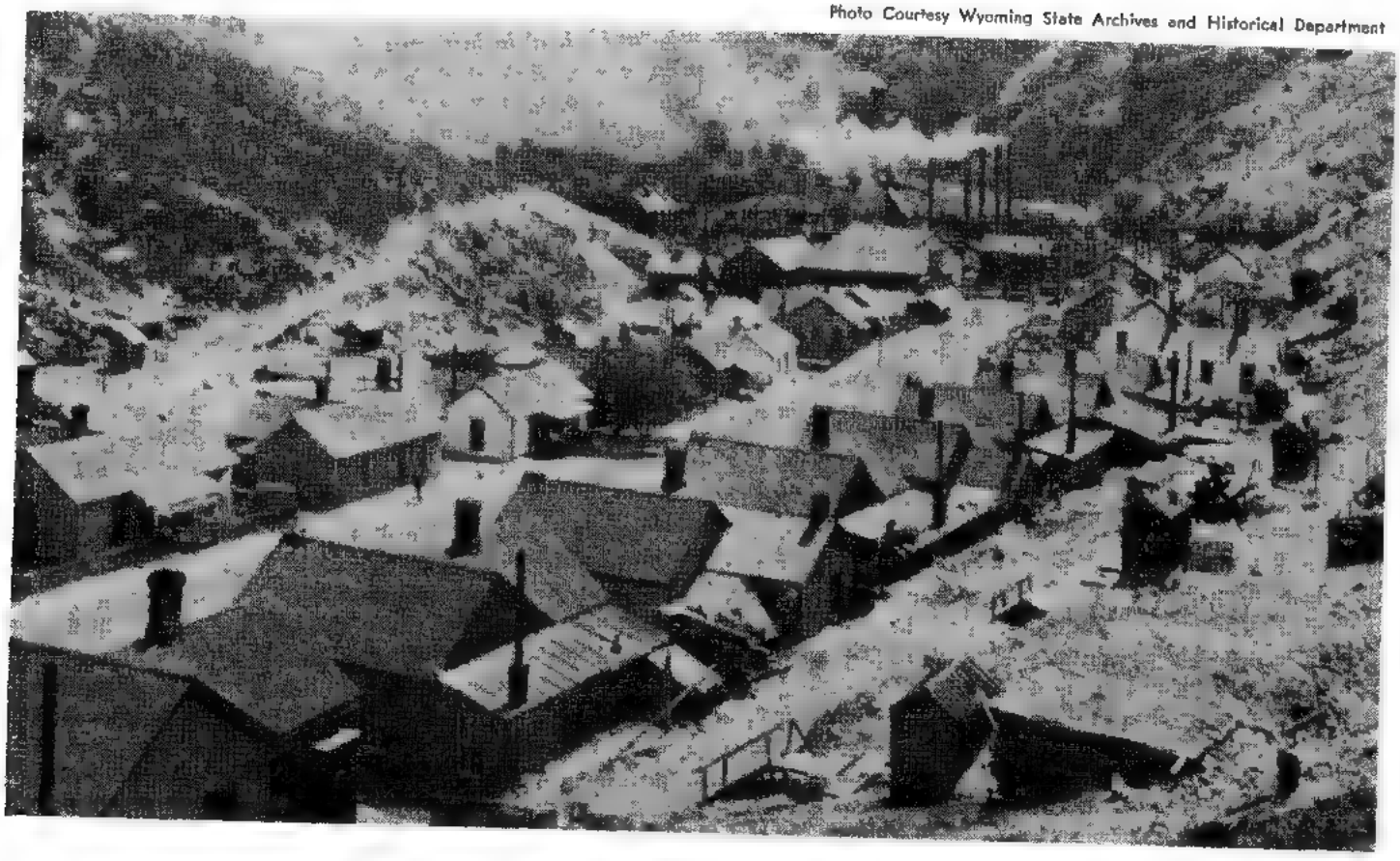
Map From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1898

Fort Plan Courtesy R. J. Perry



Below: Community of Cambria with mine operations in background.

Photo Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department



WHAT BECAME OF

It had about as much chance as a kernel of corn at the feet of a hungry crow!

BY BERYL M. WILLIAMS

Photos Courtesy Author

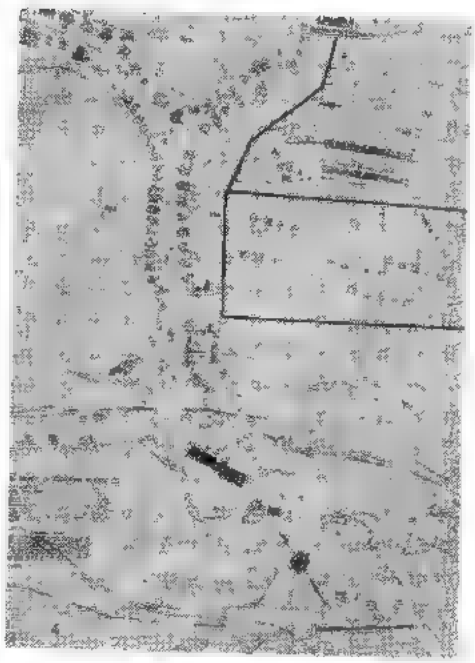
Text reprinted from **Empire Magazine**, January 11, 1976

CAMBRIA was founded in a Y-shaped gorge three miles below a broad plateau in northeast Wyoming Territory, 1887. The company-owned town lived forty-one years and died March 15, 1928. Jumbo Mine cut into the east and Antelope Mine tunneled into the west, halfway up the mountain. Men carried out the first bituminous coal in gunnysacks, pulled them to the plateau with block and tackle, loaded ore into wagons and hauled it 140 miles to the nearest railhead.

Fifteen hundred people, including immigrants from more than twenty nations, crowded into the valley. Cambria Fuel Company constructed houses with cement or rock foundations along the hillsides. Privies hid farther uphill. Housewives dumped slop buckets into the ravine between the village and mine; soon miners dubbed the stinking draw, Hogpen Gulch.

But Cambria wasn't altogether primitive. Three houses were heated with steam; and the community had a telegraph station, electricity and running water.

One could buy most anything at the emporium that could be bought in the outside world, except whiskey; however whiskey wagons from Newcastle deliv-



ered their wares regularly just outside company property. Cambria Fuel Company built three churches, a grade school and high school, office, bank, opera house, assay office, and bunkhouse. The company furnished a doctor, male nurse, hospital, and a separate deadhouse because superstitious miners refused to share hospital facilities with a corpse.

There was a band and a hardball team. Banquets, plays, teas, balls, and other socials furnished year-around entertainment. Fourth of July and Labor Day celebrations drew visitors from the surrounding countryside.

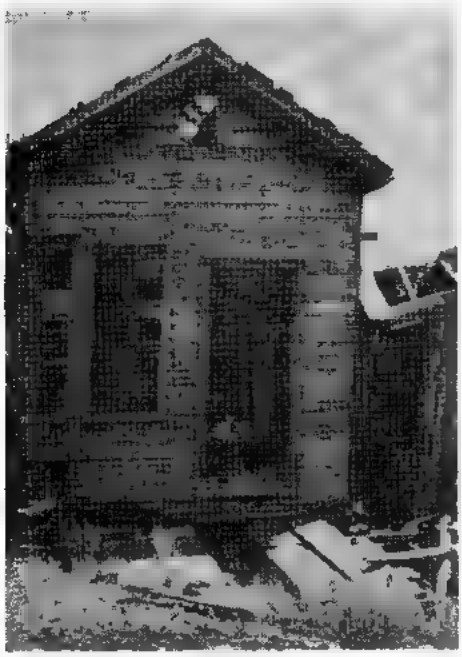
Because Cambria was born to supply coal, mine activities ruled the valley's central portion. A power plant, tipple, weighing station, maintenance buildings, trestle and railroads filled the chasm. Through the years the two mines disgorged 12,000,000 tons of salable coal, while 74 beehive ovens baked a ton of coal residue into coke each day. In ore, gold assayed at $2.50 per ton and in coke $5.60 per ton. Another by-product was silver.

Finally the rich coal vein was depleted, and on March 15. 1928 the whistle blew for the last time signaling the closing of the Jumbo and Antelope Mines forever. Church bells rang for the last time, tolling Cambria's death knell. Friends said goodbye—some for the last time ever.

(Continued on page 42)

Above: The Jumbo mine tunnel was blasted shut signaling the end of a town and an era. Below: Not one blade of grass grows on this slag heap even half a century later.

CAMBRIA?



Left: Map of "The Mines of Cambria Mining Company," dated 1920, showing "Y" shaped gorge. Above: Weighing station in Cambria.

Below: Churches and homes lined the streets in the hillside town.

Photo Courtesy Anna Miller Museum, Newcastle, Wyoming

Left: Tom McCarty. Below: Harvey Logan, Alias "Kid" Curry.

—undercover work at its most dangerous

THE MYSTERIOUS PINKERTON

BY KERRY ROSS BOREN

Photos Courtesy Author

Authors Note: On a small hillside just south of the Wyoming border in what is now Daggett County, Utah, there is a grave, passed daily by motorists on the Vernal-Manila highway most of whom are unaware of the site. The grave is marked only by two crude rocks on which no name, date or other information is carved.

I had visited the site numerous times, the grave being almost precisely on an old trail which crossed the dividing ridge between South Valley and Sheep Creek Canyon, and had always wondered at the identity of the person buried there.

Some years ago I became involved in sorting out the legend of a local old-timer with the distinctive name of Cleophas J. Dowd. Dowd was a resident of Sheep Creek Canyon and an enigma. During his career he had been a deputy sheriff, deputy U. S. marshal, a Pinkerton, railroad detective, and stock detective. On the other hand, his choice of friends included Tom Horn, Jesse James, Butch Cassidy, Harry Longabaugh (to whom Dowd gave the nickname "the Sundance Kid") and other notorious outlaws.

In researching the background of Cleophas J. Dowd, I became acquainted with three of his living children and from them—especially from Charles G. Dowd, then in his eighties—I obtained Dowd's unusual story. At the same time, the origin of the mysterious grave came to light.

IT ALL started with a simple bank robbery—or what was supposed to have been a simple bank robbery. Somehow, it all went wrong. On September 7, 1893 Tom and Bill McCarty, brothers, and Bill's nineteen-year-old son Fred rode into the little Colorado town of Delta to rob the Farmers and Merchants Bank. Nothing should have gone amiss because Tom was a graduate of numerous robberies and Bill had apprenticed with none other than Cole Younger's gang in Missouri. They simply hadn't reckoned on the impetuous young Fred McCarty. Cashier Andrew T. Blachly, who had been one of the founders of the bank, refused to give up the money and Fred McCarty shot him.

The three outlaws ran to their horses in the alley behind the bank and came riding out fast. W. Ray Simpson, a Ken-

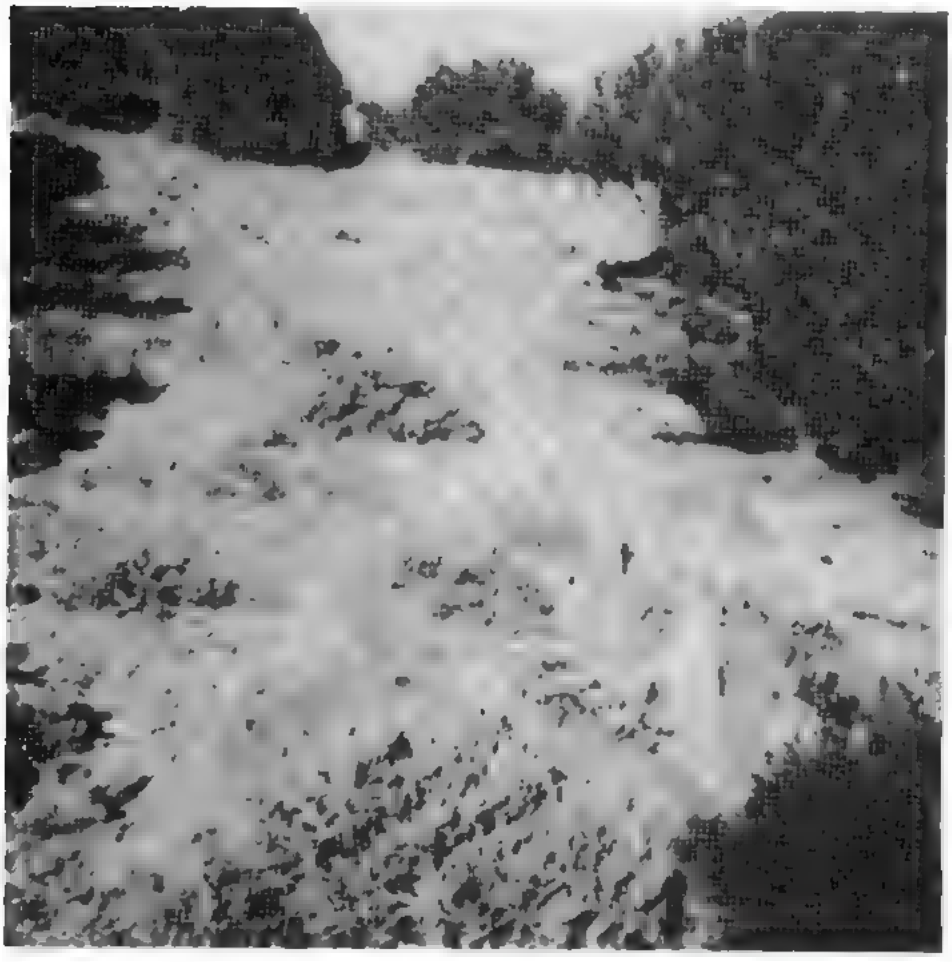
tucky-born sharpshooter, was clerking in a hardware store on main street when he heard the shot. He grabbed his rifle and ran out onto the street as the outlaws galloped by.

Tom McCarty was out of town before the others. Next came young Fred who was almost at the end of the street when Simpson fired and blew off the top of Bill McCarty's head. Fred then made the mistake of turning back to help his father and was brought down with Simpson's next shot. Only Tom escaped, cursing as he rode away toward Moab, Utah.

At Moab, Tom informed Letty Maxwell McCarty, Bill's wife, of the death of her husband and son; and Philander Maxwell, Letty's brother, hid Tom out in the Maxwell House Hotel for several weeks. Then one day a stranger appeared in town and began asking questions of the Maxwells and others concerning their relationship to Tom McCarty.

Tom slipped away in the night and headed north. For a time, he holed up on the top of the Bookcliffs northeast of Green River, Utah. On certain days a waft of smoke could be seen rising above the cliffs, and Len McCarty, Tom's son who operated a saloon in the town, could be seen loading up a pack horse with supplies to go "hunting." Len always returned minus the supplies. But the inevitable day arrived when that mysterious stranger arrived in Green River and the waft of smoke could no longer be seen over the Bookcliffs.

Tom dodged the stranger for almost two years, and the strain began to show. He jumped at every sound, trusted no one he encountered, and finally he determined to get away from his stalker by going into hiding until his trail grew cold. Somewhere along the line Tom picked up a companion who also wanted to lay low for the winter. His name was Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry.



Left: Bill McCarty. Below: Pinkerton grave, looking east. Kid Curry was behind the cedars in the background when he shot the Pinkerton.

In the fall of 1895, these two hardcases rode into the little settlement of Linwood, Utah and rendezvoused with Cleophas J. Dowd at Bob Swift's "Bucket O' Blood" saloon. This was a popular retreat of outlaws, situated within a few yards of the Utah-Wyoming border, and within a few miles of the outlaw stronghold of Brown's Park.

Cleophas J. Dowd was an amazing character. Born in 1856 in Old Mission, San Francisco, he had been raised to be a Catholic priest. Yet after taking his priestly vows on his twenty-fifth birthday in 1877, he celebrated by strapping two guns around his priestly robe, getting drunk and shooting up the town of Sausalito. Escaping one jump ahead of the law, Dowd sought sanctuary in Brown's Park. He numbered among his friends and associates the most noted (and notorious) men of his day.

Old-timers around the Linwood, Utah area still recall that visit of Tom McCarty, Harvey Logan and Cleophas Dowd at Bob Swift's saloon in 1895. For two days they holed up in a cabin provided by Bob Swift across a footbridge which spanned Henry's Fork River while they celebrated, drank, gambled and generally raised hell.

After one night's gambling session, the three men repaired to a nearby meadow followed by hangers-on to put on a display of markmanship.

DOWD, who had been trained in ballistics in the University of San Francisco, had once defeated Jesse James in a shooting contest and was an expert with weapons. His aim was superb. Tom McCarty, too, was an able marksman, not so fast but extremely accurate.

But it was Kid Curry who was to be remembered for a particular trick he employed. One witness to the event, Ed Tolten, a Mormon schoolteacher recently arrived from Beaver, Utah, related the incident as follows:

"Curry put a red poker chip on the back of his hand and then held his arm out, shoulder high. He spread his legs just a little, then turned his hand and dropped the poker chip. Before that poker chip hit the ground, he had drawn his gun and emptied it—five shots in the flash of an eye!"

The three men repaired to the saloon and while they were sitting at a table talking, a stranger entered. He eyed the trio carefully and then turned to Bob Swift at the bar and asked about local jobs.

"Does he look like a field hand to you?" McCarty asked Dowd.

"Hell no," replied Dowd tersely. "Look how soft and white his hands are."

"Like as not he's the damned Pinkerton what's been on my trail for two years since the Delta job," cursed McCarty under his breath.

"I can't put you up at my place," said Dowd, "but I do know of a place where you can hole up for the winter and I know an old hermit who lives down in the

(Continued on page 36)

ONE of California's greatest disasters was a flood which occurred during the winter of 1861-62. It destroyed about one fourth of the taxable property, one eighth of the houses and at least one fourth of the stock. The Sacramento and San Joaquin river valleys became a lake 250 miles long and from 20 to 50 miles wide.

The initial flood began with November storms that saturated the lowlands with rain and covered the mountains with up to twenty feet of snow. This was followed by warm rains in the mountains which melted the accumulated snow, and this pattern was repeated several times through the winter.

Sacramento, the state capital, built where the American and Sacramento Rivers meet, was probably the hardest hit. It was flooded about five times that winter. The first occurred at six o'clock on Monday morning, December 9, 1861 when the American River breached the east levee. By nine, many one-story houses had water up to their roofs and within another hour were floating or overturned.

In many houses people were calling for help. Most of the boatmen who responded were honest, but some were predatory. One man who had helped his wife to the roof of his already tottering house, had to pay a boatman $75 to take her to high ground. When another man, standing up to his neck in the water flooding his house, asked for help of another boatman, he demanded $15 for the aid. The homeowner said he was broke, so the boatman replied, "I'll leave you to drown," and left. Later the man was rescued by a third boatman without charge.

To drain the city, a prison chain gang cut through the R Street levee between Fifth and Sixth and the water rushed through the opening to the Sacramento River, sucking about twenty-five floating houses through the gap.

Most homeowners, hotels and restaurants were unable to cook what little food they had because their kitchens were on the first floor. Residents had to use boats to get to the few restaurants and hotels equipped to cook meals.

Newspapers reported how Sacramento residents and animals solved their problems. Many animals were drowned and their carcasses floated about the flooded streets; but one large hog was found sleeping in the best bed of a well furnished home in eastern Sacramento. Mark Hopkins, Sacramento businessman, did not find his horse in the stable and thought the creature lost for good. When he climbed the barn stairs to the hay loft to arrange a temporary home for his family, he found the lost horse eating hay there. The horse had climbed two flights of stairs to get away from the water.

After water surrounded a woman's house in eastern Sacramento, she waded to the stable, untied an ox and mounted the animal with her children seated, one in front and one in back. Then she "geed and hawed" while the ox made its way to dry land. Unfortunately, as soon as they dismounted, the ox plunged into the flood again and drowned while trying to return to the stable.

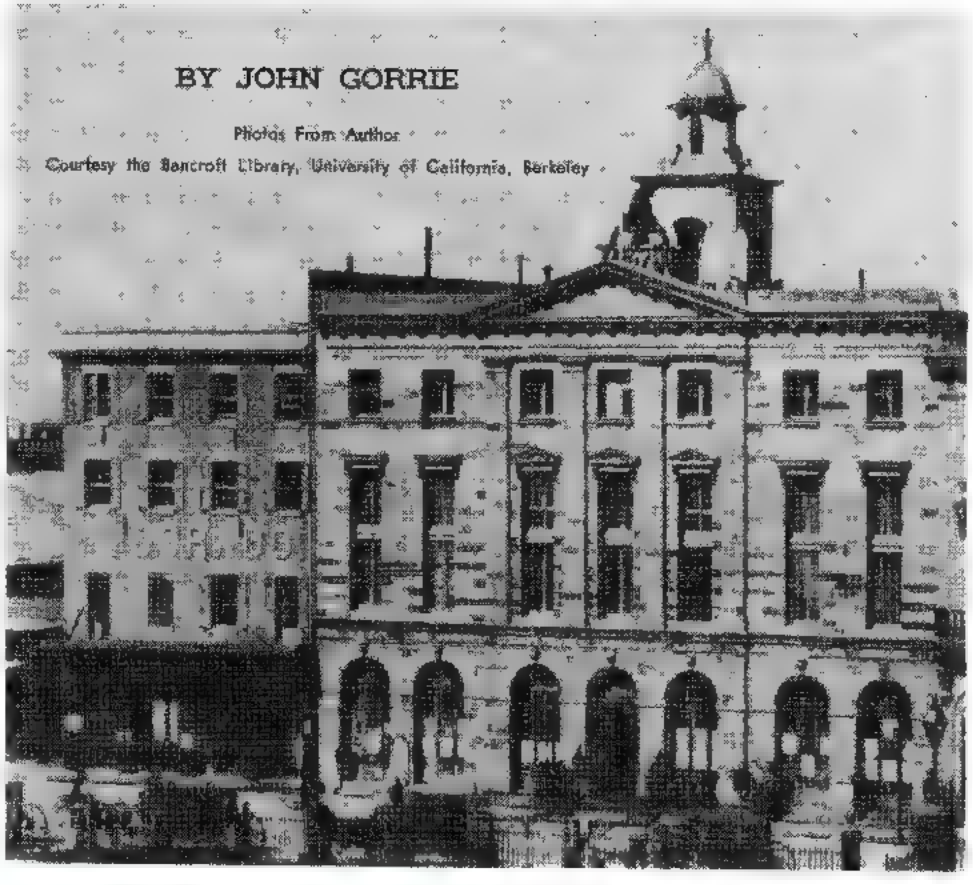
One boatman had to persuade an Irish woman to leave her dangerously flooded home when he found her on the roof of the one-story house. Her child sat paddling its bare feet in the flood waters while the woman scrubbed away at a washtub full of dirty clothes. Finally, after much argument, she consented to leave.

RELIEF EFFORTS were coordinated by the Howard Benevolent Association headquartered in the Pavilion, a large brick building originally erected to house expositions. San Francisco periodically sent shiploads of supplies and small boats for rescue work. These donations were distributed by the Association.

CALIFORNIA'S KILLER FLOOD

BY JOHN GORRIE

Photos From Author
Courtesy the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley



Shasta, California in 1856.

Rivers and creeks swept man and man-made things before them— even the surface of San Francisco Bay was covered with fresh water...

Between floods, the water drained from the higher parts of the city, leaving the streets covered with mud, broken sidewalks, damaged boats, rafts, lumber, firewood, fences, shutters, doors and dead animals. Some houses were out of plumb, turned around, overturned or shattered. All were covered with greasy mud to the high-water mark which the people were trying to clean up. Water still covered the lower part of the city.

The devastation was intensified by hydraulic mining debris which had raised the river beds so that the old banks could no longer contain the water. Forests had been cut so that snow melted and soil eroded faster, and placer miners had removed soil down to bedrock along streams. There was nothing to hold back the water. The American River flood hit in a giant wave. Its North Fork rose fifty-five feet above low water at Auburn, destroying the railroad track between Sacramento and Brighton.

Because of the continuing rains and rising waters, the State Legislature on Thursday, January 23, 1862 voted to adjourn and reassemble the next day in San Francisco. The legislators left for San Francisco on the sidewheel steamer *Chrysopolis*.

Meanwhile, Marysville, located where the Feather and Yuba Rivers meet about sixty miles north of Sacramento, had also been flooded. Near daylight Monday, December 9, the outer side wall of J. E. Eaton's store on the Plaza fell because water had saturated the foundations. The Eaton family, who lived upstairs above the store, fled the building in their night clothes and moved into the Merchant's Hotel around the corner. A few minutes later, the hotel floors fell into the basement.

Mr. A. Winn, who shared a hotel room with Colonel D. W. Welty, wrote of the catastrophe. About 5 a.m., a crash woke the men and they got out of bed. Colonel

Welty found his pants, but Winn could not find his clothes. They heard another crash when they were out in the hall trying to learn what had happened. Winn started to go back into their room to find his clothes and found only a gulf through which bricks were falling amid the screams of women and children. In darkness Welty and Winn ran through various halls looking for an exit. They had to make their way over the roofs of three buildings before they broke a window in a fourth house, crawled in, and found a stairway to the street.

The steamer *Defiance*, playing tunes on her calliope, cruised about rescuing flood victims and even steamed up the slough as far as the head of D Street.

THE sixteen-foot rise of the Yuba River came so fast that many cattle were trapped. They could be seen struggling in the current. Thousands of wild rabbits drowned, although some escaped by crawling onto floating haystacks, brush, or treetops. About a dozen were caught by the crew of the *Defiance* who also rescued several hogs for the dinner table. Sometimes yellow squashes or pumpkins colored the muddy water.

Looking west from the Presbyterian Church spire, observers could see nothing but water between Marysville and the Coast Range Mountains except for the Sutter County Courthouse in Yuba City and, twelve miles beyond, the Sutter Buttes. Three miles east of Marysville were the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Southward, only the trees marking the banks of the Sacramento River rose above water. Northward, there was nothing but water to the Oroville Ridge.

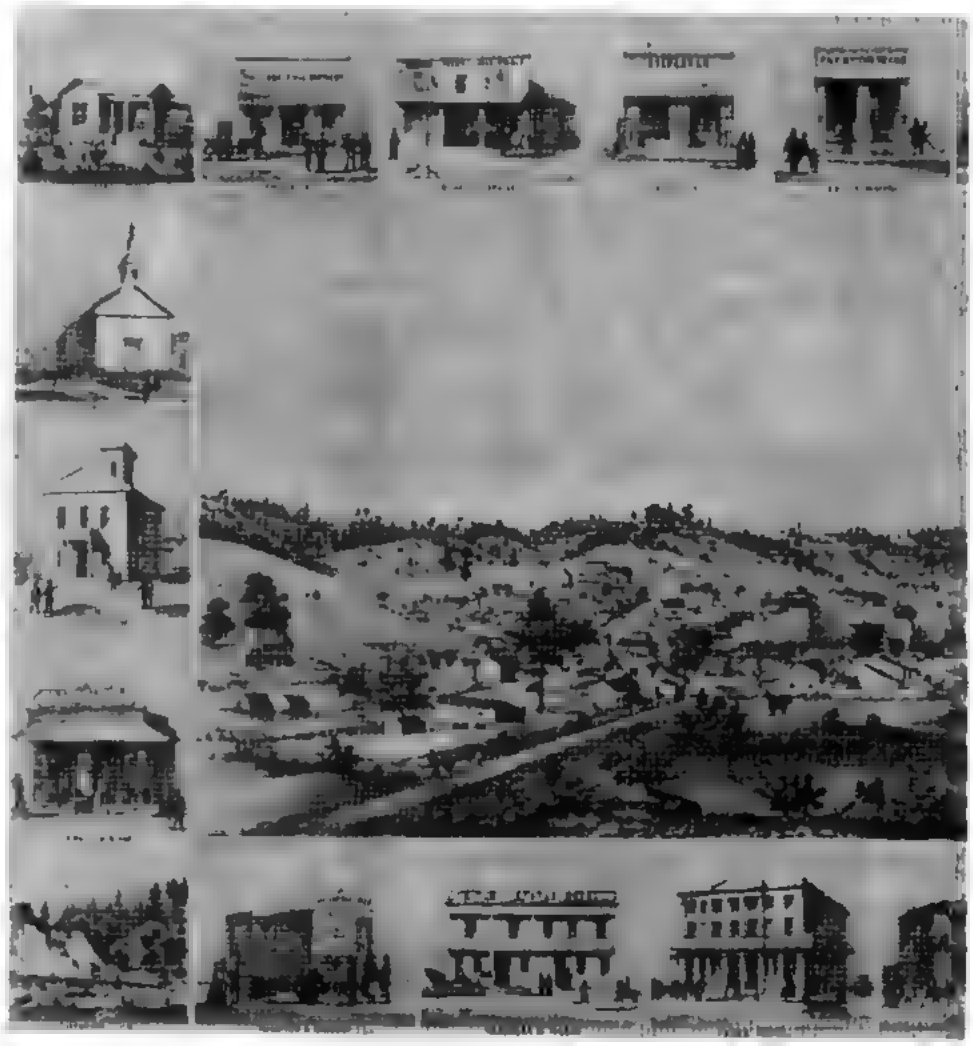
A woman, living in a small frame house on the other side of the slough from Marysville, sent her children by boat into town. She was to remain in the house until the boat could return for her, but the current carried away the house so quickly that there was no trace of her or the house when the boatman made their way back.

F. P. Osgood and S. Wilcox were hunting in a sailboat near some half-submerged sycamore trees when an eddy swamped their boat. By hanging onto the tree branches, they saved themselves. Wilcox was in a tree close to shore, but Osgood was in a tree too far away from land to attempt to swim. Wilcox made his way from tree to tree until he reached one close to Osgood. He hung onto the branches of that tree and floated his legs close to the marooned man. Osgood grabbed Wilcox's legs and climbed into the tree branches and then both made their way safely to land.

There were many such instances of heroism. After the Bullard's Bar bridge was destroyed, a ferry was placed in service across the Yuba River. When a man named West rowed out into the middle of the river to loosen the ferry rope, his boat slipped from under him, leaving him hanging onto the rope while the torrent battered him. A man named Baptiste tried to rescue him, but his boat sank. Eventually both men were rescued.

Stockton was not flooded as badly as other towns because it was located on the edge of the San Joaquin River delta where there was enough swampland to absorb the water. Some families stocked up on food to last out the storms; others moved in with friends who lived on higher ground; many families boarded a boat to San Francisco, which ignored the river channels and took a straight shot across the San Joaquin Valley to Antioch. Between Stockton and the Mount Diablo foothills no land was visible in the valley.

A lady living on the Staples ranch on the Mokelumne River, described the flood of January 10-12 in a letter written to her daughter in Stockton.



At 3 p.m., Thursday, January 9, the levee could be seen. At 9 p.m., the bottom was covered, and by midnight there was a foot of water in the blacksmith shop. On Friday morning the water continued to rise, while the household was busy in the kitchen. Johnny was bringing in kindling, Emma was setting the table, and she was making biscuits in the pantry. The fire was burning brightly, cooking the vegetables, meat and coffee when the chimney popped.

"Fire!" she yelled out the door.

Ranch hands crowded into the kitchen and saw the dangerous condition of the fires in both the fireplace and the stove. Although she protested that she wanted to finish dinner, the men were dowsing the fires with the handy water when suddenly, with a crash, the chimney fell, throwing bricks in all directions. Flood water rushed in, but still all the letter writer seemed worried about was her biscuit dough lying on the molding board.

"Uncle Billy" Simpson, Mr. Brooks and Kolhman, the Stockton peddler, came in at that moment and at her urging, moved all the main floor furnishings upstairs and had just started to set up the stove in the front bedroom when they were warned to leave because the water was rising so fast that it had covered the tops of the fruit trees. The men carried the woman and her daughter piggy-back to land, where they were quartered in neighbors' houses.

DESPITE suffering considerable damage, San Francisco led relief efforts throughout California during the winter and was a refuge for the state's flood victims.

Here, storm water rushed down the hilly streets, flooding cesspools and sewers. Rubbish clogged many drains and many retaining walls along the deep-cut

streets were washed away. The beach flume on both sides of the Fort was smashed by falling rocks. Roads were impassable. Throughout the city were collapsed buildings, flooded houses, and deep gullies cut into the hilly streets.

When no water could be obtained from the hydrants to fight a fire at Sarfield Hall at Pacific and Montgomery Streets (the storm had wrecked the Hensley Water Works) seven people burned to death. Among those victims were a Mrs. Harrington, wife of a teamster running between Sacramento and Carson City, and her two children. In Sacramento, the family residence, the flood had forced her and the children to take refuge on the second floor of their home. She saved her own and the children's lives by piling two trunks on the bed and standing on them crying for help. When they were rescued, water was lapping at the bottom of the trunks. To escape further danger, they had come to San Francisco, only to burn to death in the Sarfield Hall fire.

At Platt's Hall, located at the corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, a Central Relief Committee was set up under the direction of the mayor to provide help to the homeless.

Through the Sunday, January 12 newspapers, San Franciscans had learned of the desperate plight of Sacramento. Concerned that hundreds lacked food, Sunday dinners were sent to Sacramento by riverboat. Bakers provided bread, hotel and restaurant kitchens roasted meat. Eleven thousand pounds of ham alone were cooked that day. Churches and fraternal organizations, and many women sewed clothing for the destitute people.

Although the tides caused the waters of San Francisco Bay to rise and fall regularly, fresh flood water covered the whole surface. The surface water of the bay and the ocean water out as far as the Farallone Islands could be drunk. Tule islands floating across the bay and out to sea were crawling with rattlesnakes. Some of these islands came to rest under the San Francisco wharves where the snakes were a menace for months.

The heavily forested, mountainous, north coast counties of California, which receive the highest average rainfall in the state, suffered greatly. In just one instance, all the Indian ranches in the Klamath Indian Reservation, which were located on the Klamath River from a point twenty-five miles from the sea to the mouth, were destroyed. Water tore away 200-year-old trees and all the soil of the bottomlands down to bare rock, leaving barren flats covered with boulders or with six feet of sand.

The Klamath River also destroyed the wire suspension bridge three miles below Weitchpec. The 500-foot-long bridge was built 99 feet above low water and was thought to be safe from any flood. But the Klamath River rose to 140 feet above low water in the canyon at the bridge.

DURING these storms one would think that mere survival would be uppermost in people's minds, but that was not always the case. Here are two examples wherein hate and love, respectively, took precedence over the peril common to all. Several bands of Indians were on the rampage. In one instance, Thomas Griffiths, E. M. Sproul, and John Briceland, and his Indian wife and two boys—Billy, fourteen and Frank, about seven years old—were living in the Bowles house on the upper north fork of the Mattole River.

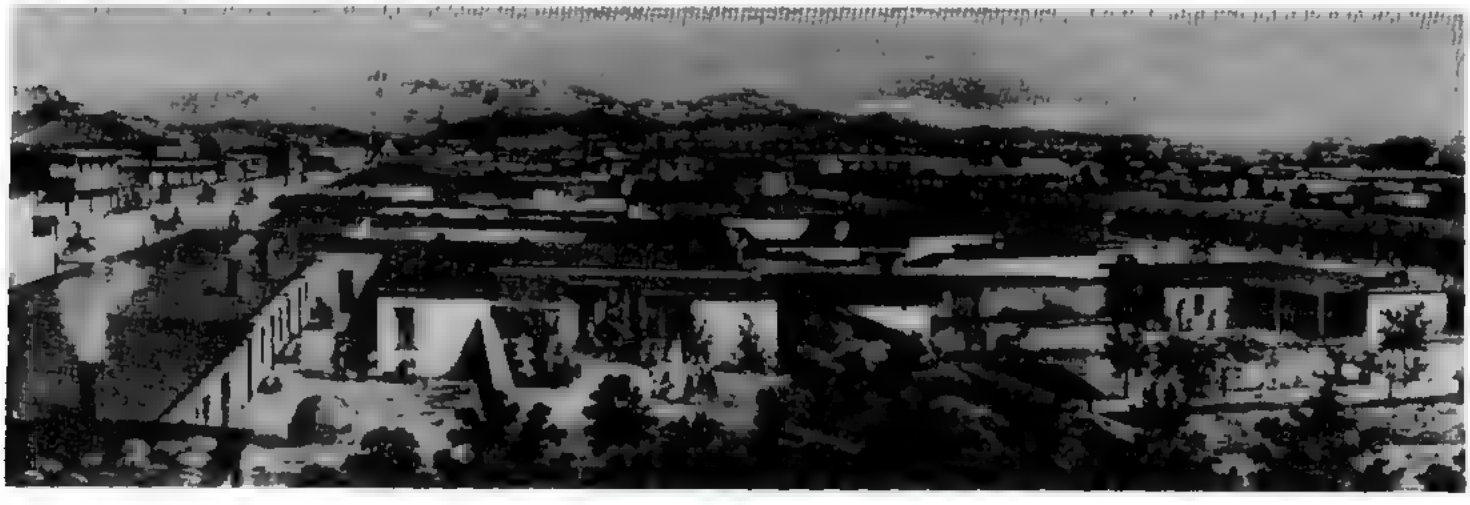
Briceland gave Billy a rifle and in the middle of the night some time later, Billy used the gun to shoot Sproul and Griffiths. Billy was later caught and shot when he attempted to escape to join a band of Indians on the Bear River.

On Thursday evening, January 9, 1862, a young couple who wanted to get married crossed the Stanislaus River on O'Brien's Ferry with another couple. During the night the river rose, carrying off the ferry boat and thus any contact with the other side. The justice of peace could not cross the river either, and by this time the river was too wide to conduct the ceremony by shouting. The river continued to rise, eventually reaching forty feet above low water in the canyon at the house in which the couples were staying, so the ladies had to huddle in an outhouse to keep out of the storm.

Since there was no wagon or carriage available, the two couples hiked five miles through the mud and rain to the primitive accommodations of a goat ranch. On the following day they used a team to take them four miles to another ranch. By traveling seven miles the next day through the storm, they got to Montezuma Flat where they were married.

A MINER who had built his cabin fifty feet above low water on the North Fork of the Mokelumne River was afraid

(Continued on page 53)



Left: Sonora, California. Below: Los Angeles in 1857.

Uncle Billy Jacobs' Story

(Continued from page 18)

Livestock Association, and Josh Stuart and Billy Jacobs were sure enough in the cow business.

For twelve years we made it pay. We were sitting high, wide and handsome until the hard winter of '86-87 wiped us plumb out. It was during that hard winter that Josh began ailing and by spring he was in bad shape, nothing but skin and bones. So I hooked up a team to the spring wagon and took him to the hospital at Fort Benton, where a doctor told me Josh was dying of cancer and there was nothing he could do but give him morphine to ease the pain.

I stayed with Josh night and day until he finally cashed in his chips two weeks later. When we buried Josh the best part of Billy Jacobs was buried with him. From then on I became a drifting cowhand working for wages, going from one outfit to another. I was offered a wagon boss' job but turned it down. All I wanted to do was drift and keep on drifting.

I met Pecos Carter one day in Lewistown, Montana. He had come up the Long Trail from Texas as trail boss with one of Slaughter's Long S cattle drives. He told me that my Mexican mother and her husband, Carlos Sanders, had both been killed in a train wreck, and I knew then for sure that I'd never go back to Texas though Pecos offered me a good job. I told Pecos I already had a good job repping for the Circle C with Spud Stevens' outfit. Me'n Pecos got drunk as seven hundred dollars that night holding a delayed wake for old Josh Stuart. We talked over old times. Pecos said that Nigger Bob and old Yaqui had drifted back to Robbers' Roost and up the outlaw trail to Brown's Hole, and held up a few banks until one night they rode into a gun trap and got cut down. Cotton Eye was nighthawking for the Matador outfit in Texas and between roundups he had charge of the horse ranch, breeding the brood mares to registered studs. The rest of the Panhandle Pool was scattered and long gone.

* * * *

AS I SAID at the start, I was just a kid at the Circle C ranch when I listened to Uncle Billy Jacobs spill his windies about his adventurous early life and I've had to rely on my memory over the many years to write his story.

Horace Brewster was foreman and wagon boss that last fall on the beef roundup when Uncle Billy Jacobs went along as usual to handle the beef herd. After the cattle were loaded and shipped he went with the other Circle C cowhands and reps to the cowtown of Malta to blow in their hard earned wages.

As Brewster told me later, Uncle Billy bought new clothes from the hide out at the Malta Mercantile, and after a hot bath at the barbershop he proceeded to make the rounds of the saloons, buying drinks for the house when it came his turn and telling his oft-told tales of how it used to be done when he was salty and in his prime coming up the cattle trail from Texas.

About midnight Uncle Billy said he reckoned he'd call it a day and he went to a room Phil Castleberg said he could sleep in at the rear of his Annex Saloon. Billy was a little tipsy from the drinks he'd had, and with a chuckle he'd told Phil that if any young gal showed up needing a bed pardner he knew where to send her.

It was an hour past sunrise next morning when Brewster started rounding up his crew and getting the cowhands back to camp. When he rapped on Uncle Billy's door and got no answer he went in and found that the old man had died in his sleep.

The Circle C outfit stayed over in town to give Uncle Billy Jacobs a farewell cowboy wake. The Reverend Van Orsdale, known and loved throughout the whole cow country as Brother Van, preached the graveside service, with the Circle C cowhands and the citizens of Malta there to help bury a man who had made a hand, up to his last day on earth.

Remembering Walt

(Continued from page 7)

earned it. "But, really, he never knew or cared if he had ten dollars or ten thousand dollars in the bank," Pat said. "He always said money was to spend and there were no pockets in a shroud. We spent freely on expensive houses, cars, and other things, and enjoyed the best of life while we were young."

Basically, Walt's tastes were simple. His favorite drink was Bushmill's Irish Whiskey followed by a Ballantine's Ale chaser. One of his aspirations was to live and die in a log cabin, which is why he so dearly loved the house at Groom Creek.

"There was a summer porch behind the main house where Walt could sleep. The study was upstairs, and he'd spend a lot of time there even when he wasn't writing. We always had a log burning in the fireplace in the living room. Walt enjoyed feeding the birds and squirrels. A one-eyed squirrel he called 'Popeye' was a regular visitor for ten years or better. Walt would watch him from the study when the furry fellow came to eat."

Walt worked at a large round table near the window. It was usually cluttered with papers, notes for stories, and cigarette papers. Several well-used pipes and two cans of Amphora tobacco, as well as a special cigarette tobacco he ordered from the London Pipe Shop in Los Angeles also graced the table. Braided horse hair and leather bridles and old guns adorned the walls, along with old photographs and rodeo posters.

Walt in Prescott in 1965.

This was the work-setting for two of his finest books, *Pioneer Cattlemen In Montana* and his autobiography.

"He was very proud of the Circle C book which was published by the University of Oklahoma Press," Mrs. Coburn said. "It's factual and portrays a striking, historically correct picture of the early West."

Even so, he preserved a place in his heart for *The Ringtailed Rannyhans*, his first book published in 1927. In a 1939 issue of *Writer's Market and Methods*, he told an interviewer, "I'll always like *Ringtailed Rannyhans* better than anything I'll ever do again. Like Topsy, it just grew. And it was written for an editor named Jack Kelly, now dead, who was the finest friend I had in the writing game. I hope to write a real book someday that'll eclipse it, but that rambling, get-nowhere story will never lose its particular place because of the memories it conjures up."

The Circle C proved to be "the real book" Walt referred to. He hinted that it was to come when he told a reporter from the *Arizona Republic* on October 19, 1952 that "I still have to write the story I've always wanted to write—a story of the cow country I grew up in and the men who lived and died pioneering it before barbed wire fenced them in. I want to leave behind one yarn of the Old West that I can really be proud of and that's what I aim to do, God willing."

Like many writers whose minds are alive at another time and place, Walt Coburn was not an easy man to know. He was spooked by crowds and best listened to by a few close friends over the crackle of burning logs in a fireplace. He knew the West and the heartbreak of its changing. He understood that change, but when he wrote about it he would rather remember it as it used to be. The West he preferred to remember was one of clear streams, uncut timber, and constantly replenished grass.

Walt was one of the few Western writers who knew that the West wasn't all drama, and was aware of that special kind of humor which so often came out of the rangelands. The West of Walt Coburn was the same West that his friend Charlie Russell knew. Each man won it in his own way, preserved it on paper, and gave it to thousands who would never have known it otherwise.

From the Montana Territory of 1889 to the piney woods near Prescott, Arizona in 1971, is a magnificent span of years. Walt Coburn championed the American cowboy and rancher, and conveyed to the reader a kaleidoscope of sight, sound, and smells of the frontier cow country.

On May 24, 1971 when Walt wadded up the paper and put his pencil down for the last time, he left a lot of other yesterdays to all of us.

Aunt Sam standing by the grave of Jesse James in the yard of the old homestead.

Photo Courtesy Rose Collection, Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Living With "Aunt Sam" James

It's okay for orphans to have big eyes if they don't do a lot of talking . . .

By FRED L. WILSON Submitted By LIDA WILSON PYLES

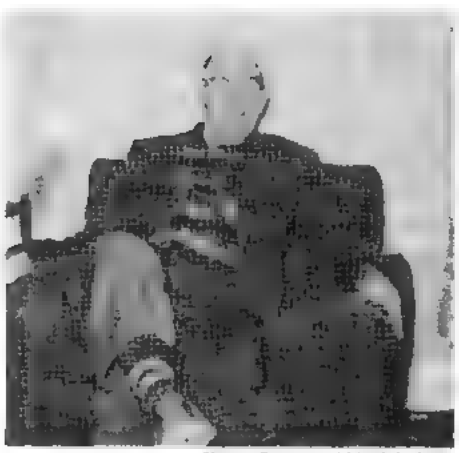


Photo Courtesy Lida W. Pyles

Fred L. Wilson at 80 years.

Explanatory note: My brother, Fred L. Wilson, brought Bill Chance to our farm home in Missouri when I was about sixteen years old. He introduced him as a boy who had grown up with the James family, all of which made us youngsters goggle-eyed. I cannot prove that what Bill Chance told my brother is true, but Fred (who is now eighty-seven) believed him and so did the rest of us.—Lida Wilson Pyles

IT WAS back in 1920 that I first met and learned to know Bill Chance. I had bought a little grocery store in Chanute, Kansas and was making a valiant effort to get acquainted with my customers. I had the idea, and still have it, that the better you know a man, the better business relations you can have with him.

During those days it was customary for the men in the area to gather in the

(Continued on page 49)

The Mysterious Pinkerton

(Continued from page 29)

canyons who will provide you with supplies, no questions asked."

McCarty thought it was a good idea, but Logan was not as anxious to isolate himself all winter, stating that he would give it a try and leave if he felt like it.

Saying their goodbyes to Bob Swift at the bar, the three men mounted up and rode out of Linwood south toward the canyon country of northeastern Utah. About half-way across South Valley, some ten miles from the saloon, they spotted the stranger following at what he thought was a safe distance.

"You was right about that sneaky bastard," said McCarty. "He's after us all right!"

As they crossed the ridge which led down into the yawning maw of Sheep Creek Gap, Kid Curry pulled his rifle from the scabbard and turned back.

"Where the hell are you going?" asked Dowd. Tom McCarty put his hand on Dowd's arm in a quieting gesture and replied: "He's just goin' back to slow down that Pinkerton, Ofe. Now don't mess him up; the Kid knows what he's doin'."

"Slow him down, hell," said Dowd angrily, "he aims to kill that man. I won't have it that close to my home; they will lay it to me."

As McCarty and Dowd argued, the crack of a rifle was heard, reverberating through the canyon walls. They whirled their mounts and rode back up the trail into the cedars.

Charley Dowd, son of Cleophas J. Dowd, related the story in later years this way: "When my father and Tom McCarty rode up, there sat the Kid Curry with his rifle cradled across his saddle, looking down on this dead man who had a bullet hole right between the eyes. Tom McCarty said, 'Good shot,' but my father grunted and said, 'Not very sporting.' Ambushing wasn't his style and he was pretty cold about it. But this Logan character was just as cold and he said, 'How much sport do you think he would be with me, or you either, for that matter. I'm not a fool; he got as much chance as he deserved'."

They stopped long enough to bury the Pinkerton in a shallow grave (Dowd later returned and buried him deeper, erecting two stones) and Kid Curry led the dead man's horse down into the canyon and shot it, toppling it over into a ravine, saddle and rig.

Dowd's grave.

Sheep Creek Canyon, Daggett Co., Utah, as it appears today.

Dowd then escorted his unwelcome guests deeper into the canyons to a cabin on the bank of the Green River (a canyon since known as Hideout Canyon on the maps) where they spent the next several months in seclusion.

THE STORY might well have ended there, or at least with the deaths of the three participants involved—Dowd, Logan and McCarty. Cleophas Dowd was cruelly murdered on his Canyon Ranch in 1898 and lies in a quiet grave there, not far from the mysterious Pinkerton. Tom McCarty drifted north to Alaska in 1900 where he was killed two years later. Logan suffered a similar fate in South America, the last of the three to die.

But the story actually ends with a faded letter, part of the estate of Cleophas J. Dowd, retained by his children in California and turned over to me some years ago. The letter tells, better than any narrative, of those events which caused the untimely death of the mysterious Pinkerton.

Kansas City, Missouri
April 19, 1896

Ofus Dowd
Henry Fork Postoffice
Sweetwater County, Wyoming

Dear Ofe,

Here I am in Kansas City and that old horse Pot Creek was a stayer all the way just like you said he would. I still have him and wouldt take a silver buckle for him. We left our hide out canyon in febuary or early march and Tom left me in Rock Springs. He didnt know for shore where he was going to go but for shore pinkertons is still dogging his trail.

I never did explain too good killing that pinkerton right in your back yard but you know he needed killing. Only a sneaky bastards [Pinkertons] will stop dumb enough to foller us right down in them canyons like he did and I think you [know] it was him or us.

Maybe I should of waited till we was further down in but for shore them Sneaky bastards like that would be shore at nothing. That was one bastard what did though as he didnt dally but onct or twice where he dropped and didnt argue none at all with that 44-40. I wondered since if you ever moved him and took him off from there? They is on to me but I think that was one of them dog trackers which was on to Tom from the delta job. They will never get up to old Tom though without he takes them all down and shore I am the same and think so are you. They is not all as white a man as you.

I don't know where I will be from here but I will be going out soon, may be back to buffalo ranch [Hole-in-the-Wall] or down to mena [Mena, Arkansas] or where else I dont know. Tell old Bob [Bob Swift] that I will next time try his bootleg on some old dog afore I do myself as it shore is potint and as I will collect what he owes me next time through your way. My brother John was killed up in Montana this spring.

This is shore long for me but I wanted you to know that Pot Creek was as good as you said he would be and never failed me and why I put that pinkerton down in your back yard as I know you was upset about it at the time and I was only thinking about stopping the sneaky bastard before he stopped us.

I won't be here too long but you can write to care of Hiram Lee or Elizabeth Lee or of Arda Redinguez, postoffice, Kansas City, with usual care. You watch your back side and I will watch mine.

your loyal friend
(s) Harv Logan

Coquillard Wagon

(Continued from page 17)

almost impassable, and scarcely jackassable." By the time he reached California, Alexis Coquillard knew a lot about wagons.

In less than a year he had earned more than $4,000. It was reported that he made most of his money building and repairing immigrants' wagons. His own journey had impressed him with the need for more durable vehicles for cross-country travel.

In nine months Alexis returned to South Bend via the Isthmus of Panama and began investing his California earnings in timber, water, and real estate. After paying back his uncle, he studied the future needs of the community. He must have been amazed at the rapid rate at which the wagon and wheel company industries were "chewing up" Indiana's beautiful hardwood forests, because he began to buy every cheap acre of land with good timber on it that became available. He also purchased two saw mills that were able to turn out lumber to exact dimensions immediately. In addition, he bought a "Livery and Sales Stable" at the corner of Michigan and Jefferson Streets. As a part of his business survey he no doubt visited Henry and Clem Studebaker who had started

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their wagon works in 1852. With his analytical mind he must have studied their production methods with the thought of improving them. By 1865 Alexis Coquillard had all the ingredients necessary for establishing a successful wagon factory.

THE "go" signal came at the close of the Civil War when Alexis watched the waves of humanity roll West in search of a new life. These countless thousands of people needed wagons and other horsedrawn vehicles, and he was ready to start supplying them.

Alexis built the Coquillard wagon factory at the corner of Lafayette and Water Streets in South Bend. In 1869 he acquired a partner. Their product was advertised as the Coquillard & Wall Wagon. Evidently Wall did not meet the precise requirements of Alexis as the partnership was dissolved the next year.

A study of the company's ads from the late 1860s to 1906 shows the evolution of the famous Coquillard wagon. In the 1860s and '70s it had a high front end-gate that extended above the wagon sides. The body of the wagon did not have a name on it. And, in general, the wagon had a heavy, cumbersome appearance.

Early ads reflected Coquillard's pride in his product, however, by announcing that he used the latest improvements on his wagon, such as the "Thimble skeins," as they became available. During the latter part of the 19th century, Alexis refined his wagon box and beveled the corners of the high front end-gate. By this time, it was the fashion to print the name of the manufacturer on the side of the wagon.

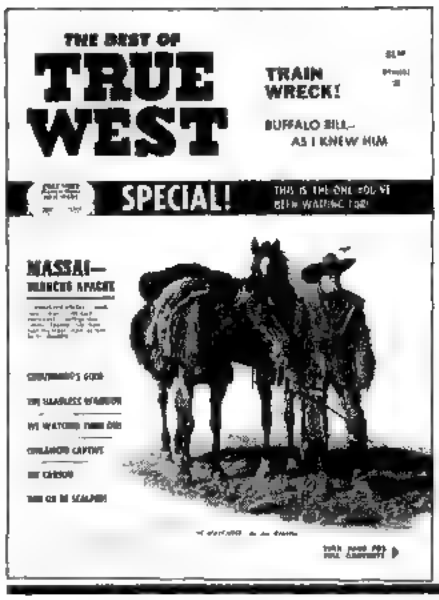
Alexis had "The Coquillard Wagon" positioned on the upper front side panel. A decade later, Coquillard, like Studebaker, Fish, Marietta, Parry, and Auburn, among others, printed the company name in the lower middle panel on the box side. By this time the Coquillard front end-gate had been leveled even with the body sides, and the wagon had been equipped with sixteen-spoke sarven wheels on both front and rear axles. Though the Coquillard wagon factory also built carriages and sleighs, it was Coquillard's wagon that won prizes and honors for him until his death in 1890.

Alexis had been so absorbed in his business that he had not had time for a wife until 1881 when he married Maude Perley from Portland, Maine. They had two sons, Alexis and Joseph A. Coquillard. Joseph is still living in Winter Park, Florida; and the wife of the older son, Mrs. Alexis (Mary Clarke) Coquillard, still lives in South Bend.

For reasons unknown to his surviving relatives, Alexis requested in his will that the Coquillard Wagon Company be sold following his death. His will was honored by his family. Samuel S. Perley, Alexis' brother-in-law and trustee of the estate, handled the transaction. Thereafter, Perley became the manager of the new Coquillard Wagon Company that was moved to Henderson, Kentucky. The other officers of the new company, which carried on in the traditional manner dictated earlier by Alexis, were James E. Rankin, President; Carl P. Schlamp, Vice-President; Paul M. Barnett, Treasurer, and Kirk W. Perley, Secretary.

The Coquillard Wagon continued winning honors for its new owners, including the coveted gold medal ot the World's Fair in St. Louis, Missouri in 1904, where it was judged the best in its class exhibited in the Transportation Hall.

It was using this honor as a sales pitch, that Guy Cooper of Kansas City, who was the company's salesman for the great Southwest, made his record sale of a single type of vehicle in 1906. Yet does anyone know of a surviving Coquillard wagon, carriage, or sleigh? They seem to have completely vanished.



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Wild Old Days!

OL' DELL

By Pat Redmond

A SHORT distance southeast of Tonkawa, Oklahoma on U. S. Highway 77 is an unusual and little known monument. It pays tribute to the three-year-old dapple grey mare that carried Jim H. Stone twenty-nine miles in an hour and forty-seven minutes to an unstaked quarter section in the 1893 Cherokee Strip Run in what is now Oklahoma.

Stone, who lived in Elk County, Kansas prior to the last big land run in the nation, had made many visits to the Indian Territory coveting the rich grass and fertile soil. When the Run was announced by the government he knew just the piece of land he wanted.

And he counted on "Ol' Dell" to help him find his claim ahead of the thousands of others who would be making the run on September 16, 1893.

Joining the long line of would-be settlers in Arkansas City, Stone waited four days to obtain his permit to enter the race. Friends and family kept him supplied with food and water so he could hold his place in line. They exercised Dell daily.

In the teeming streets of Arkansas City were horse traders with ponies of touted speed and endurance. But Stone wasn't interested. He had Dell and was confident his training of the past few months was enough.

The Run began at noon. When the gun went off, Stone and several of his Elk County neighbors shot across the line two miles west of the Chilocco Indian School. They rode light, carrying only a canteen of water and a sack filled with oats for the horses and a few biscuits for the men.

Thousands of horses, wagons and buggies thundered across the plains, crowding Stone and his friends. There were more men than sections available and Stone became concerned.

The greatest portion of the hard-riding throng appeared to be headed for the very area Stone wanted. There were many ahead of him now.

Stone and three of his friends abandoned their plans for the choice Chikaskia River bottom land and traveled west toward the Tonkawa Indian Agency. But they soon ran into more would-be settlers who had started the Run near Hunnewell, Kansas.

Stone and his friends then decided to head straight south, but each claim they passed had already been staked. Stone kept pushing, his friends following, until he came to the steep banks of the Salt Fork River.

Rather than lose valuable time going farther west to ford the river, Stone coaxed Dell down the high banks and into the water. Reluctantly, the other horses followed.

Less than two miles south Stone drove his stake into a section of the new land and then quickly fed and rubbed down the lathered Dell.

With Dell's help as a plow horse and as transportation, the Stone homestead prospered, a real house replacing the dugout for the family and a real barn for the faithful Dell in place of the lean-to.

As the years passed, Dell became too feeble for farmwork, arthritis keeping her in the stall for days at a time. But Stone refused to do away with the old mare, pampering and protecting her as much as possible. In 1916 the beloved horse died at age twenty-six and was buried on the original quarter-section of land.

In 1940, Stone, who often visited Ol' Dell's gravesite, erected a granite marker with the help of the Old Settlers Group of the Cherokee Outlet. Then in 1952 Stone presented the small plot and marker to the Oklahoma Historical Society for perpetual care, four years before his own death at the age of ninety.

A MEAN COW

By Naomi Mickey Wood

THERE were still not many fences in the western part of Catron County, New Mexico in 1923, and one of our Longhorn cows drifted south from our Bear Cañon ranch. She wound up locating about ten miles away, running with a bunch of Frank Landevazzo's cattle on the "Llanos," as the arm of the San Augustine Plains below Horse Springs was called.

My husband, A. E. (Shorty) Norton, rode down to Frank's one wintry day but did not find this old cow, so Frank said, "Why don't you just let her run here till spring? I'll let you know when I start to round up and you can get her then." Shorty thankfully agreed.

About the last of April 1924, we got word that Landevazzo was going to start rounding up the next Monday. We were all set to go, though I was dreading it a little, for I felt shy about helping drive her with the curious eyes of the crew on me. But Sunday evening my brother Burley came down to visit us and said he would help Shorty bring the critter home.

They started off next morning, long before the sunlight had even hit the top of the topmost peak of Horse Mountain. Burley was riding a beautiful blood bay bald-faced, stocking-legged horse. He was a good cow horse, but he had a bad habit of sometimes catching his rider unexpectedly and trying to buck him off. Shorty's mount was a big, brown, bald-faced, stocking-legged brute. A good cow-horse but strictly a one-man horse and sometimes he tried to run that *one* man out of the corral!

When Shorty stepped into the corral and old "R. L. Baldy" nodded his head,

laid back his ears and started toward him, he always knew there was going to be a fight before the bridle and saddle went on. But this particular morning R. L. Baldy acted like any good cowhorse should. So they got to the Landevazzo circle in time to help drive the gather to the home corral. There Shorty cut the cow out of the herd and they started her toward home.

By slapping their chaps with the coils of their catch-ropes and with many a "hi-yi-yi," they got her about a quarter of a mile up the slope before she dodged by Burley and started flying down that slope back to the herd. Burley promptly swung out a loop and dabbed it on her long sharp horns.

NOW things happened much faster than I can write it down or you can read it. Baldy thought he saw a chance to unload his rider—so he bogged his head and began to buck—that old cow hit the end of that rope—there was a loud POP—and the front cinch snapped asunder. Burley, saddle, blanket, and bridle slid right off over Baldy's head. He snorted, ducked back and ran off about fifty yards, stopped and looked back as though he was laughing at the mess he had caused. When the cinch broke, it flipped around and caught on Burley's right spur. There he was—fastened to that saddle on the ground, with a wild cow on the prod tied to the horn!

Shorty roped her just in time to keep her off Burley. He kept her stretched out while Burley reached under his chaps, into the pocket of his Levi's for his knife, and cut that cinch off his spur.

Frank had been watching them, so he loped up there, and before Baldy noticed Frank was after him, had roped him and led him over to Burley. Laughing, he said, "That's the first time I ever saw a horse unload his rider and turn himself a-loose at one jump." Burley and Shorty agreed with him and said it would likely never happen that way again.

Burley temporarily mended his cinch with his piggin string and resaddled Baldy. They flipped their ropes off the cow and tried to drive her on, but that ornery old Longhorn was not about to leave the plains. By allowing her to charge first one, then the other, they gradually got her over Horse Mountain Pass. When she would try to dodge back, Shorty would rope her, throw her and then let her up and try driving her again. Now that kind of work is hard on men and horses and mighty hard on a cow.

By sundown they had gotten that old cow to within about half a mile of home. She tried to dodge behind Shorty and he roped her for perhaps the twentieth time that day. Shorty's horse, R. L. Baldy, had been acting like the best of cow-horses till then, but this time when that loop sailed out, he bogged his head and began wiping up the ground with his sides. Off through the piñons he bucked and bawled, with that fighting cow right at his heels and her long keen horns raking his tail about every other jump.

Burley forgot his bad cinch and roped that old cow by her heels, which flattened her onto the ground. Then for a few jumps the contest went on between Shorty and R. L. Baldy, with Baldy dragging the cow and pitching, too. When Baldy finally quit, Shorty panted, "Let's just tie this old heifer to a piñon tree for the night. It's going to be too dark to see to dodge her pretty soon."

Burley kept the cow stretched out, while Shorty took his rope off the saddle-horn and rode around a big tree that had no low-hanging limbs. Then he dallied back on the horn and pulled that cow to within about six feet of the tree. He then tied the rope good and fast. Burley flipped his rope off her heels. She promptly jumped up and charged, but the short-tied rope threw her onto her nose. Shorty and Burley rode off, saying, "We'll come back and get you in the morning. You can think about your sins tonight."

They got home a short while after dark, having been in the saddle since before sun-up and with nothing to eat since that early breakfast, but as Shorty said, "This was just one more day in a cowboy's life."

A. E. (Shorty) Norton and his best cowhorse "Grullo."

EARLY MINISTERS MET SELF-DOUBT

THE LIFE of a minister in Nebraska Territory could be extremely frustrating. His parishioners were scattered over large areas and many seemed more interested in crops than Christ.

The hardships of one such minister, Amos S. Billingsley, are reflected in excerpts from his diary, a copy of which is now in the Archives of the Nebraska State Historical Society. Billingsley was sent west by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions and lived in Florence during 1856-1857. He served various congregations in Douglas and Washington Counties.

July 23, 1857 ". . . Two drinking places opened lately—the year is passing. What am I doing? What *Good*? Not been as I know of, instrumental in saving *one* soul this year. Lord, who hath believed or repent? I am afraid I will not be as useful out here as in the East. The Lord help and direct me."

August 10, 1857 "Just returned from a preaching tour. Left Desoto this afternoon. Preached three times yesterday. A mighty tempest arose last night while preaching. . . . Some persons much alarmed. I was not afraid. Had to quit preaching. Went home without a close of the service, through mud and wet grass and slept in a post office on a wet floor. Took no cold."

August 24, 1857 "Preached yesterday three times in three different places. Florence, Calhoun, and Desoto. Rode 15 miles."

September 27, 1857 "Sab. Eve. . . . Too late getting to the church—detained crossing river—people nearly all waited over half an hour. This shows their interest in the cause. Tis to me *encouraging. The question What Good am I doing out here?* still frequently arises in my mind.

October 4, 1857 " . . . Day rainy, streets muddy. The other two preachers, I guess didn't turn out at all. Shame! a Sin. People of Florence staid from church on a wet day. The lord forgive their sins of omission. I don't like these dry weather Christians. If I had not more love for the cause than to be kept home by a little rain, I would fear I had none at all."

October 18, 1857 "Sab. No preaching today in Florence—no turn out. God have mercy on the people."

November 19, 1857 "Preached three times last Sab. and rode 15 miles—Best attendance in Desoto ever saw there. Good attention and order. Several new families lately arrived. Writing on 'Lovest thou me'—Good text. I fear too many are too easy satisfied with their mere hopes of salvation."

December 31, 1857 "For the last time 1857—another year just closing—gone forever—Day warm—very pleasant. Most pleasant Dec. ever saw. Street dusty. Seen many strange things. Much sin—much country. Told story across many places. Don't know as any have been converted through it. It may be the most profitable year of my ministry."

March 12, 1858 "A year today since I left Pittsburgh, Pa. for Florence, Neb. Terr. Have seen many things strange and new. Time seems short. How many souls have instrumentally saved, God only knows."—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

PROSPECTING IN STYLE IN THE WEST

By Emmett A. Garity

EARLY gold prospectors were indeed a very hardy group of men as typified by the following article taken from *The Complete Compendium of Universal Knowledge* by William Ralston Balch and dated 1895:

"The majority of the prospectors or men who make the finding of mines the profession or business of their lives are those who have learnt what they know of mining and ores in the mines themselves. There are valuable properties in the shape of ledges carrying metal, wait-

(Continued on page 52)

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Treasure in Squirrel Gulch

(Continued from page 15)

in the mining community. An old gentleman I knew was contacted—Mr. D. A. Knight, a professional mining engineer well known in my community and respected by one and all. A few short but very productive conversations followed. Mr. Knight was thrilled at my finding the Colt and related the following story:

As a young man, just graduated from the Colorado School of Mines, Knight came to know and make friends with Scottie Henderson and his two partners. Scottie Henderson was at the time living in Squirrel Gulch and engaged in mining operations. Knight was instrumental in obtaining a mining lease for them to mine the Lexington mine.

Scottie's partners were Leonard King and George Hancock. They mined the Lexington from 1921 to 1923. During this time Knight observed the Colt owned by Leonard King. He wanted to purchase the Colt, but King would not sell. King said the Colt was given to him by Curly Bill Brocius when King was wounded. Later he delivered a note to Mr. Knight, written in pencil, giving the serial number of the Colt as well as some of the background. Imagine, a note from an old gunfighter and outlaw! The note mentioned how he got the Colt from Curly Bill, said the Colt had killed Marshal White of Tombstone (Curly Bill's doings), and that he was with Curly Bill when he was killed by Earp. The note was mainly written to get Mr. Knight to help with the mining.

Knight informed me he was in his middle-twenties when he received the note, and that King was in his sixties. He also mentioned that King had promised the Colt to him upon his demise. Knight seemed a little sad that I had the Colt rather than him, but never mentioned the fact.

Later on, Mr. Knight gave me the original note along with a note from himself. I was able to get an affidavit from Knight which was attested to by his old friend Henry Nelson. Mr. Knight passed on at age eighty-three on February 1, 1976. Shortly after, Mr. Nelson died. What a loss, if only from the standpoint of mining and the lost knowledge needed today when mining is starting to awaken once more. These men made history and amassed great fortunes in the mining industry. Few can be found today that can claim the ultimate result from this business.

I should mention that Mr. Grant Tilden took his Lexington Claim to patent in the year 1887. The Comet was the only claim not patented. At the time, the Lexington property was the richest camp in the State of Colorado. Perhaps this is what drew the old outlaw to this area. It is also nice to know he reformed and took no lives or money while he worked the mines for a living. In those days mining was hard work. In a way it seems as though Leonard King was trying to square himself with the world. Several of the old-timers here that I have talked with remember Scottie, Leonard and George. They all agree that these three were fine men. I could feel the respect.

These old-timers are still helpful to me. They have pointed out to me that the "Bible" in this business, especially in my area, is a book published by the Department of Interior entitled *Professional Paper 63, the Economic Geology of the Georgetown Quadrangle.* The Lexington Mine is mentioned in this paper along with better description of the veins in regard to their direction. In fact, this paper, along with local mining papers, has helped me to trace and finally locate the lost vein.

AFTER the talks with Mr. Knight, the Colt was completely taken apart. Here are the results of that examination.

Under the hammer, where it would strike against the frame, was the letter 'H'. Under the left rear portion of the frame, where it is joined by the grip assembly, was the letter 'U'. Under the trigger guard assembly was the number that appeared on the gate. Now all numbers matched.

Under the ejector assembly was the letter 'G'. The three letters are the initials of the surnames of the factory inspectors employed by the Colt Company. The initials D. F. C. belong to David F. Clark, a Government sub-inspector who worked under the Government inspector Lieutenant Charles C. Morrison, whose cartouche appears under the date of 1880 imprinted on the left side of the grip. On the top of the one-piece walnut grip, on the part that is directly under the frame that encloses the grip assembly, the name of "W. B. Graham" is carved. This has been additionally protected by its location.

The roar of the Colt is no longer heard in Squirrel Gulch. Since the Colt has been identified and proven to be an antique historical gun, I haven't the desire to shoot it again as I would not like to chance any injury to a spring or other original parts. It has been placed in a vault along with the two remaining unfired original cartridges. It will be shown to friends and interested folks who venture into the mining camp.

I am no longer the neophyte, and enjoy visits from people who visit and appreciate hearing about the old days. They usually carry out a sample or two of the Lexington ore. My pleasure is to pass on some of the knowledge I have been given by the gracious men in this business. I feel I have been lucky in more ways than most and when and if mining goes again, I will be right out in front.

Arkichita

(Continued from page 25)

to find himself staring point-blank at two rifles. This time he was put in semi-solitary to await a general court martial and added the two sergeants to his list of people to get even with.

In the Sioux tongue, Sisseton means "lake village" and that area of the Dakota Territory was largely flat prairie dotted with glacier-scooped lakes. When a hot August sun beats down on countless small, shallow lakes all day and then disappears with plummeting temperatures the result is a thick, woolly fog, the perfect cover for a man desperate enough to break out of a guardhouse. So it was on the night of Brice's second escape.

The guards were either asleep or on the edge of it. The sergeant on duty was in his bunk, trying to read in the dim light, and the fog-deadened silence was broken only by occasional snores and the disembodied voices of the sentries outside. The sergeant snapped his book shut and was about to speak to the corporal when he was interrupted by a man who dropped suddenly from the ventilation hole in the ceiling to dash for the door.

The sergeant grabbed his carbine and would have fired, but the man on the next bunk chose that instant to sit up straight and find himself staring cross-eyed at a bayonet. He ducked instantly, but it was too late for the sergeant to shoot. Outside, the sentry also hesitated a moment too long, reluctant to shoot a man merely because he chose to run across the post at a peculiar hour of the night. By the time the sentry realized that it was the escaping Brice and ran to the gate to fire, Brice was well out into the safety of the fog. And in any event, the sentry complained, Brice was playing dirty by running in a zig-zag pattern and confusing the aim, a trick he had doubtless picked up in Texas.

Still, no one seriously expected Brice to be long among the missing because Arkichita was back, and the chief scout had never failed to find his man. In fact, Arkichita was so confident that he merely watched while the other scouts tore off into the night after Brice, coolly announcing that *he* was going to wait for morning and a proper light. Then he went to bed.

According to the admiring Lieutenant Bennett, Arkichita was something of a Sioux Sherlock Holmes, using a combination of acute observation, intuition, and primitive science in his trailing. He certainly had one thing in common with Holmes—he had a healthy ego and made no secret of the fact that he found the white soldiers a trifle dull-witted. He could speak English well, but never used it if he could help it. He could write his name, and regularly signed the monthly muster and the payroll. The U. S. government had given Arkichita an unusual honor by making him a sergeant and although he wore the uniform of the U.S. Cavalry, he kept his hair shoulder-length and wore moccasins instead of regulation boots. He was, Bennett reports, "about five feet nine inches in height . . . slender, but wiry . . . about thirty-four years of age." He also had, said Bennett, "a pair of eyes that could equal any field-glasses." The name Arkichita (or "soldier") he had taken on entering government service, but his original name had been Grass Walker in honor of his trailing ability.

SHERLOCK HOLMES had his magnifying glass, but Arkichita's tracking device was a simple blade of grass. He found one of Brice's footprints and then carefully broke off a stem of grass so

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8 TRACK TAPES - PST-1136 - SPECIAL $3.98.

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Memories; Nobody's Sweetheart; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Who's Sorry Now; Frankie Carle Rag; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now; Just A Girl That Men Forget; Alexander's Ragtime Band; The Prisoner's Song; The Old Piano Roll Blues.

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8 TRACK TAPE PS-1214 - SPECIAL $3.98.

WAYLON JENNINGS - ACL-7019 - ALBUM $2.50
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8 TRACK TAPE - CBS-7019 - SPECIAL $3.98

SPIKE JONES - ACL-7031 ALBUM $2.50.
My Old Flame; Dance Of Hours; You Always Hurt The One You Love; Liebestraum; The Glow Worm; Chinese Mule Train; The Blue Danube; Chloe; Laura.
8 TRACK TAPE CBS-7031 - SPECIAL $3.98.

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8 TRACK TAPE - CBS-1226 - SPECIAL $3.98

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WILLIE NELSON - ALBUM ACL-7018 $2.50.
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The Party's Over; One Day At A Time; Hello Walls; Mr. Record Man; My Own Peculiar Way; Funny How Time Slips Away; I Walk Alone; Streets Of Laredo.
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25 POLKAS - ALBUM SPC-3255 $2.50.
Amelia Polka; There's A Tavern In The Town Polka; Jolly Coppersmith Polka; Rolling Rock Polka; Clarinet Polka; Helena Polka; Gerald's Polka; Jolly Fellows Polka; Tony's Polka; Copper Polka; High Low Polka; Lichtensteiner Polka; Ah Frenchy Polka; Beer Barrel Polka; Bain, Bain Polka; Fly Polka; Jim Simple Jr. Polka; Real George Polka; Sound Boy Dandy Polka; Pittsburgh Polka; Everybody's Polka; Polka; Pickled Polka.
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8 TRACK TAPE - CBS-1132 SPECIAL $3.98

ELVIS PRESLEY - CAM ALBUM CALX-2472 $3.50.
You'll Never Walk Alone; Who Am I?; Let Us Pray; (There'll Be) Peace In The Valley (For Me); We Call On Him; I Believe; It Is No Secret (What God Can Do); Sing You Children; Take My Hand; Precious Lord.
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MERLE HAGGARD & BONNIE OWENS - JS-6106 $2.50
That Makes Two Of Us; I'll Take A Chance; I Wanna Live Again; Forever And Ever; A Little Longer, Please Jesus; Just Between The Two Of Us; Too Used To Being With You; So Much For Me, So Much For You.
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JIM REEVES - ALBUM ACL-7020 $2.50.
Blue Side Of Lonesome; Most Of The Time; Waitin' For A Train; When Two Worlds Collide; My Lips Are Sealed; A Railroad Bum; A Fallen Star; Yonder Comes A Sucker; Highway To Nowhere.
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If You Know Susie; Sweet Sue - Just You; When You And I Were Young Maggie; Listen To The Mocking Birds Comin Beyond The Mountain; I've Been Working On The Railroad; Bill Bailey; And The Band Played On; My Old Kentucky Home; Oh Dem Golden Slippers; Skip To My Lou; Sweetheart Of All My Dreams; Let Me Call You Sweetheart; Down Home Rag; Spaghetti Rag; Buffalo Gal; Head Me Down My Walking Cane; Polly Wolly Doodle; Way Down Yonder In New Orleans; On The Sunny Side Of The Street; That's My Weakness Now; Back Home In Indiana; Under The Double Eagle; Billboard March; When The Saints Go Marching In; Alberty Bound; Yes, We Have No Bananas Today.

JIM REEVES - CAS-842 - ALBUM $2.50
Have I Told You Lately That I Love You; I'm Gonna Change Everything; Waltzing On Top Of The World; Oklahoma Hills; Beyond The Shadow Of A Doubt; Roly Poly; Each Time You Leave; A Letter To My Heart; Your Old Love Letters; Highway To Nowhere.
8 TRACK TAPE - CBS-1133 - SPECIAL $3.98

JIMMIE RODGERS - ACL-7029 ALBUM $2.50.
Blue Yodel (T For Texas); Desert Blues; I'm Sorry We Met; Blue Yodel No. 3; Frankie And Johnny; My Old Pal; Away Out On The Mountain; The Brakeman Blues.
8 TRACK TAPE - CBS-7029 SPECIAL $3.98.

ROY ROGERS AND DALE EVANS AND THEIR FAMILY - ALBUM ACL-7021 $2.50.
Jesus Loves Me; Read The Bible; I'll Be A Sunbeam; The Bible Tells Me So; Watch What You Do; Did You Stop To Pray This Morning; The Lord Is Counting On You; A Cowboy Sunday Prayer; Until We Meet Again.
8 TRACK TAPES CBS-7021 - SPECIAL $3.98.

ROY ROGERS - ACL1-0953 - ALBUM $2.50
My Chicahoo Gal; Don't Fence Me In; I Wish I Had Never Met Sunshine; Blue Shadows On The Trail; My Heart Went That-a-Way; A Cow Ranchera; The Yellow Rose Of Texas; That Palomino Pal O' Mine; Along The Navajo Trail; On The Old Sp Trail; Roll On Texas Moon; Rock Me To Sleep In My Saddle.
8 TRACK TAPE CBS-0953 - SPECIAL $3.98

DINAH SHORE - ALBUM SPC-3234 $3.50.
It's So Nice To Have A Man Around The House; Jim; Blues In The Night; The Gypsy; Buttons And Bows; Chantez, Chantez; Mad About Him Blues; I'll Walk Alone; Dear Hearts And Gentle People.
8 TRACK TAPE PS-1267 - SPECIAL $3.98.

CONNIE SMITH - ACL-7026 - ALBUM $2.50
I Overlooked An Orchid; You Ain't Woman Enough; Y'all Come; I'm Little But I'm Loud; I'll Be There; My Heart Has A Mind Of It's Own; Ain't Had No Lovin'; Two Empty Arms; That's What It's Like To Be Lonesome.
8 TRACK TAPE - CBS-7026 SPECIAL $3.98

HANK SNOW - ACL-7004 - SPECIAL PRICE $2.50
The Glory Land March; Pray; My Religion's Not Old Fashioned; These Things Shall Pass; I'm Movin' On To Glory; I'm In Love With Jesus; Invisible Hands; My Mother; I'm Glad I'm On The Inside.
8 TRACK TAPE - CBS-7004 - $3.98

KITTY WELLS - JS-6158 ALBUM $2.50.
Open Up Your Heart And Let The Sunshine In; Hello Walls; Moody River; Oh Lonesome Me; D-I-V-O-R-C-E; Everybody's Somebody's Fool; Dear Heart; Heartaches By The Number; Cold, Cold Heart; Welcome To My World.
8 TRACK TAPE PS-314 - SPECIAL $3.98.

that it was precisely the length of some particular portion of the deserter's foot. Then he, the other scouts, and Bennett set off in pursuit, the Indians astride their war ponies.

Arkichita's first discovery had been that Brice was barefoot. He pointed out the trail to Bennett, but the lieutenant, who had fallen into the role of the dense Dr. Watson, couldn't see anything but miles of grassland.

Arkichita went forward, clenching his precious stem of grass in his teeth and keeping slightly to the side of the trail. He kept the grass in his mouth because in the past he had nearly been killed in ambush when he had to choose between dropping the stem from his hand and grabbing for his carbine. Whenever the trails intermingled, the scout slid from his pony and used the grass blade to single out the prints he wanted.

Eventually the party came to the edge of a Dakota slough, a shallow lake with a soft mud bottom in the center and a lining of tule grass under the water near the banks. This one, the "garden bar slough," was a bit more than a mile from the fort. It was maybe a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide and had about a foot of water standing at its deepest point.

Arkichita looked around and announced that Brice had rested here under a tree and then waded out into the slough, apparently hoping that he couldn't be tracked through water. His hopes were in vain, because the Indian entered the water and began tracking.

By this time, relations between Bennett and Arkichita were straining a little. Arkichita was stuck with the lieutenant since he was outranked, but he was beginning to get impatient with the way that Bennett was dogging his steps and goggling at every move. Bennett, on the other hand, was beginning to lose confidence in the scout, watching him wandering in apparently aimless circles through the muddy water.

Bennett decided to do a little detecting on his own—shades of Dr. Watson—and presently called Arkichita to join him on the bank, rather coyly shouting, "Heap trail!" The scout lumbered out of the water, examined Bennett's find, and then with the closest he ever came to a smile, said simply, "Cow." Bennett was acutely embarrassed, but now understood the Indian's dilemma. The post herd had followed Brice through the slough and had seemingly destroyed all traces of his trail.

Not that this daunted Arkichita. He made his way to the eastern end of the lake and came out on the bank at a point only about 100 yards from the fort, near a brickyard. There he found a faint barefoot print on the shore. But this seemed to perplex him even more than the cattle tramplings. It appeared that Brice had either taken a sideways leap for the land from his right foot or had turned around to go back over his own trail, something that didn't make sense to the scout.

Arkichita searched the bank carefully, going through layers of driftwood a splinter at a time, combing the grass on the bank, and even pushing back his sleeves to feel in the water for clues. Meanwhile, Bennett stood nearly paralyzed with fear that he might accidentally step on something vital. Then Arkichita managed to pick up a faint, faint trail that led, as they were both half expecting by now, to the gate of the brickyard. And it was there that Arkichita seemed destined to meet with failure for the first time in his life. The brickyard was absolutely empty.

The trail ended at the gate because the earthen floor of the yard was worn as hard and smooth as glass. The only structures in the barren yard were a kiln built during the summer and now ready for firing, and an old army water wagon. In spite of the fact that the brickyard and its contents had already been thoroughly searched by the soldiers, Arkichita was adamant—""Trail come in, no go out. Man in there." He marched to the kiln, the only possible place that Brice might be hiding.

THE KILN was in the center of the yard, a flat-topped affair protected from the rain by a tent-like wooden roof supported by poles. The roof peaked at about three feet above the kiln top, but never actually touched any part of the oven. Stubbornly refusing to admit defeat, Arkichita checked inside the kiln, studied the arches on either side that held firewood, and looked up under the roof, poking his head under the wooden overhang to stare across the flat kiln top. Then he searched the rest of the yard, including the water wagon. No Brice.

By then, Arkichita and Bennett had been joined by the scouts the Indian had sent out to check the rest of the slough's banks. These scouts also checked every inch of the yard with no luck. Arkichita then came up with the only possible explanation for Brice's whereabouts—he had been carried off by spirits. The only other possibility, that Arkichita's trailing had been faulty, was unthinkable.

So great was his reputation for infallibility that in the following hours everyone on the post searched the brickyard, including the colonel. Arkichita himself was developing an unhealthy obsession with the place. He would quietly disappear, only to turn up at the brickyard searching still again and muttering to himself, "Trail no go out. Man in there."

Affected by Arkichita's unshakeable feeling that Brice must still either be in the yard or in the hands of evil spirits, the colonel stationed guards around the brickyard that night. Nothing stirred. Another day of fruitless searching passed. When night fell, guards were posted again, only hidden this time.

And then Brice gave himself away. During his run through the foggy slough in his bare feet, Brice had taken a chill and had developed a spectacular cold. One of the guards, Loclins of the icehouse, heard a suppressed cough coming from an impossible place—the flat, hard, empty roof of the kiln. A man with a lantern was sent up to investigate and came scurrying back down with amazing news. Brice *was* on the roof, or rather in it. He had somehow managed to hollow out a cavity in the bricks just deep enough for a man lying flat on his back, and there he was.

Although Brice was sick, unarmed, stiff, and absolutely cornered, it took two volleys of rifle fire through the wooden roof over him to convince him to surrender.

This time he wasn't left alone for an instant. He was sent to Fort Snelling, Minnesota where he was sentenced to a year's hard labor. True to form, though, he hit a sentry with a rock, stole the man's rifle, and made a third escape. It took several companies of infantry deployed in a skirmish line to catch him that time, after which he landed in the Fort Leavenworth Military Prison in Kansas—and all because of an ill-gotten mutton dinner.

In traditional detective fashion, Arkichita summed up the case after it was over. He said that Brice had walked backwards from the slough to the yard, first putting on his stockings, which he had removed before going into the water. Then he had tried to brush away the traces of his trail. Brice himself later admitted that he had gone through all these tortuous maneuvers because he knew that Arkichita would be after him and he fondly imagined that he could outwit the Sioux. The kiln was intended as a short stopover in his flight, not a real hiding place, because Arkichita was supposed to have been tricked into thinking that Brice had gone from the yard to the slough, not vice versa. Instead, Brice found himself trapped on the uncomfortable roof, not able even to raise a hand, because of the Indian's persistence.

Arkichita endured a bit of good-natured banter because he hadn't actually found the scooped-out hiding place that had fooled everyone. It didn't seem to bother the scout, because as far as he was concerned his job had been to follow the trail that had technically ended at the brickyard gate. The fact that for a couple of worrisome days it had looked like the trail had ended in the fourth dimension was annoying, but irrelevant.

When Arkichita unbent enough to crawl up on top of the kiln and examine the hole he was generous to his enemy, saying, "Extraordinarily fine," in Sioux. At least that's what Bennett claims he said. It might just as easily have been, "Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary."

What Became of Cambria?

(Continued from page 27)

Of course, unpaid employees for company-owned stores left drugs on shelves, groceries in bins, clothes on racks, and moved on. But the townspeople fled, too, as though from a plague. They left rugs on floors, curtains at windows, skillets on stoves and food in cupboards. Why didn't they take these household necessities with them? No one knows. Cambria became a ghost town, almost overnight.

The present owner padlocked the gates and posted the land too late. Pack rats, animal and human, have destroyed the town. What became of Cambria? It was bartered and stolen, board by board, until it now resembles the scattered bones of an animal scavenged by coyotes.

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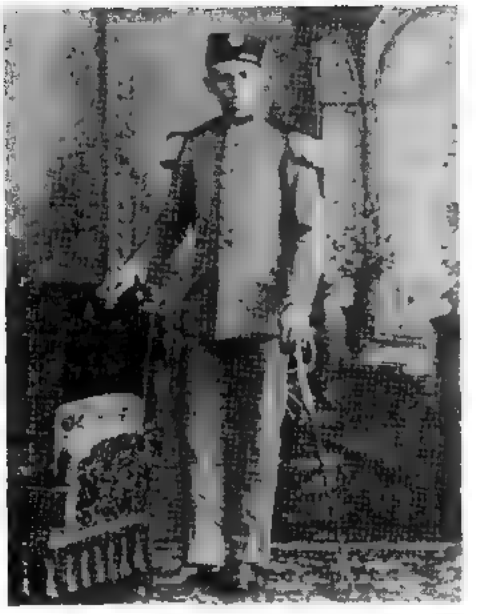
Truly Western



William Augustus Evans.

The Evans Belton Band

Family pictures are often of interest only to the family but my two uncles may still be remembered in Central Texas.

William Augustus (Gus) Evans was born at Salado March 23, 1868. He died December 18, 1948, and was buried at Austin. Evans attended Galveston Military Academy in 1886. In 1887 he attended Centenary College, a Methodist school at Lampasas where he met Sallie E. Rogers. They were married at Lampasas in February 1887. She was seventeen and Gus was nineteen. The photograph of Gus was taken when he attended the Galveston Military Academy. The young couple went to live at Belton at the end of the school year. His father, Alfred Evans, a veteran of the Mexican War, owned the Belton House there.

The Evans Belton Band was organized and directed by Barton, Gus' brother, while Barton was still a teenager. He also was born at Salado in 1881 but the family moved to Belton when the boys were both small.

Barton and his band were invited to furnish the music for the Waco Cotton Palace Festival the fall of 1900. They were an immediate success. Barton always played the cornet—he is shown in the picture fourth from left.

Barton died at the age of 21 in October, 1902. At his request the band furnished

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The Evans Belton Band.

I Met Cull Mims

(Continued from page 19)

could hear every breath he drawed. Ever so often he'd kinda blow his nose. I always thought of Casey Jones with his hand on the throttle and blowin' the whistle when I rode Billy in a dead run.

WELL, to finish the story—I caught Billy, put the loop over his nose, grabbed a handful of mane and up I went. He wanted to leave in a run, but I held him back and rode off like an old man in a saddle gait.

It was better than half a mile to the county road. When we got to the road I slid off, opened the gate, then grabbed a handful of mane. Up I went and we were gone!

I was low down, head on his neck listening to his feet clatter on that hard ground. Down the road a half mile the road made two sharp turns: one to the right and 200 yards farther a very sharp turn to the left. On the last and left turn there was a large plum patch; you couldn't see around the corner for it. When Billy made the right turn he leaned to the right. When he had made the turn he picked up speed for the next 200 yards. I'm sure he was running thirty-five of forty miles an hour, and I was still riding jockey-style, my head on the left side of his neck.

When he came to the left turn he pulled to the left, making a very sharp turn, and as he turned the corner he tried to stop, then he gave a lunge to the right. I raised my head just in time to receive a crack on my head and one on my left leg just below the knee. What I thought I saw was someone on a bale of cotton with a long stick hitting at me and Billy. But by the time I could straighten up, Billy had carried me quite a ways down the road. I looked back, and this is what I saw: a very old man with long white hair sitting on a little buckskin Mexican pony with two crutches in his hand. He had turned his horse half around and was just sitting, staring at me.

I was raised around the old Hard Shell Baptist people. They always used the saying, " . . . the grace of God I'd've been killed" and " . . . the grace of God this-and-that." My first thought was: if it had not been for the grace of God and the good horse-sense old Billy had used, I would have run right smack over that old man and dun pony, possibly killing him and his horse.

I pulled Billy up and trotted him around a bend in the road and got off of him. I felt for my slingshot; it was gone. My shirt tail was out and the flour sack with the two nickels was half out of my shirt. Thank God I had not lost the flour sack and the money! I looked at my shin. I had a knot as big as a hen egg on my head and on my shin. Billy was lathing with foam and sweat, but not breathing too hard and still rearing to go.

A tight knot came in my stomach then went up in my throat. I just knew I was in serious trouble. I had not only run Billy to death, I liked to have killed an old crippled man. I really had a worried feeling and was down in the ruts; a gloomy feeling.

I got on Billy and rode like an older man in a saddle gait on to Mr. Willeford's. They had the beef skinned and hanging but had not taken the liver out yet. I really liked Mr. Willeford; he was my kind of man. He always rode a good horse and saddle. He was about sixty-five years old and had been quite a character in his early life, I'd been told, or rather, I'd heard older people talk about him. He had a Negro man twenty-five years old that he had raised from a small boy, still working for him. His name was Ed Evins. I also liked the Negro. He was always bragging on me and my horse, and joking with me. In a few minutes Ed had the cow liver out, cut off a large piece, reached for my sack and found the two nickels tied in it, and told me, "Here's yo' meat. You better hurry home."

He wanted to see me leave in a dead run like I usually did, but I had all the run or hurry knocked out of me. I still had that tight feeling in my belly, and a very worried mind. I did not run or lope Billy. I rode in a slow coon-trot on down the road.

WHEN I got to where I had the head-on with the old man, I looked for my slingshot but it was not there. The ground was really tore up where Billy tried to stop and had made the quick move to the right. It looked as though his front feet had slid under the old man's horse before he made the quick turn. Looking at that ground made the knot bigger and harder in my belly, and I had some very serious thoughts the rest of the way home.

When I got there my brother Berry Lee was out in the yard. I handed him the cow liver to take in the house and I rode on to the barn. There at the barn was the same little dun Mexican pony I had nearly run over! He'd just finished eating twelve ears of Paw's yellow dent corn, and he walked over to me. I rubbed him on the nose, and pulled his lip up to look and see his age. I could tell the age of a horse or cow all my life, I guess. His teeth showed him to be about twice my age, and I thought to myself, "and about twice as smart as that" when the knot in my belly got twice as big as it had been. For, over on the saddle rack there was one of those old apple horn saddles, half rawhide, half leather, and there hung my slingshot on that saddle horn!

I gave Billy a pat on the neck; I was supposed to give him four ears of corn but I gave him five ears, turned and walked slowly to the house. I could've walked those last thirteen steps up a hangman's gallows more easily than I walked to the house.

When I walked in, Mama said, "Jody, this is Mr. Mims. He is from down on the Big Sandies in Lavaca County. He lives close to Mr. Sam House."

I knew Mr. Sam House. He was the one man I could set and listen to all night tell all his wild tales of bear hunting and trips up the trail with cattle. Well, I walked over and shook hands with Mr. Mims, but I couldn't look him in the face.

He turned to Mama and said, "Rosa, that's that dadgum Mexican kid that like to have ran me down I was tellin' about!"

I excused myself and went to the woodpile to cut wood for supper, the knot getting so big in my belly by then I could hardly swing an ax. My paw was not at home. He and some other men were in the woods hunting cattle when Mr. Mims got to our house. My brother had taken the old man's horse and unsaddled and fed him, and Mama asked Mr. Mims in the house. They had known the Mims family a long time, and he was making a visit to see Paw and Maw. She had told him how many children she had: three boys and one girl. She also had said, "Did you not meet one of the boys on the road?"

He said, no, he had not met but one Mexican boy riding a little bay pony, running the horse at full speed, and how near the Mexican kid had come to running over him. Said that he had his crutch hanging on the saddle horn and that the boy had hit the crutch and knocked it to the ground as he went by. That was the way I got the knot on my head and shin.

ABOUT DARK Paw got home, and he was real glad to see Mr. Mims. They shook hands, patted one another on the shoulders, and started talking. Old man Mims began telling some wild tales—something about a gunfight he had. I wanted to hear the story but I just could not be comfortable in the room with him, so I went out and cut some more wood, and just sat on the woodpile.

The cow liver did not have much taste at supper, and that knot in my belly was still there. After supper, the big talk really got going and I wanted to set and listen; I knew it was going to get good. But I was so worried about myself and I could not stay in the room, so I started to the steps to go to my room in the attic.

As I started up the steps, Mama called after me, "Jody take the back side of the bed. Don't take all the cover and wrap up like an Indian. Mr. Mims will sleep with you."

"Oh God and Glory!" I thought. "What have I did to be punished like this?"

I got to my bed. I never did pray, or say my goodnight prayer, but this time I knelt down by the bed and asked God to please let me live through the night, and to please take this awful feeling and the knot out of my belly and "Oh, Lord, give me rest of body and mind!" I always feel as if my prayer was answered; in five minutes I was asleep.

About 12 p.m. I heard Mr. Mims' crutches hitting the steps on his way up to go to bed. Paw was with him, and Paw lit a lamp to show the old man his bed, rather, *my* bed. I was on the back side next to the wall and I was wide awake, but I played like I was asleep. Well, what a hell of a night I did have! I had first thought God had answered my prayer, but I sure found out He had not even heard me.

Old man Mims was a small man, about 5 foot 8 or 9 inches and weighed about 130 pounds. His left leg was pulled up

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A TENDERFOOT'S DANGEROUS TRIP

BY COL. HARRY YOUNG

Reprinted From Hunter's Frontier Times, Dec. 1943

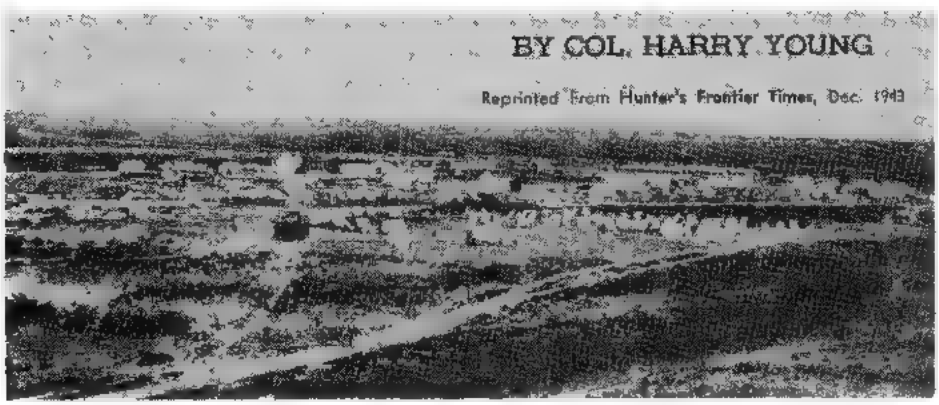
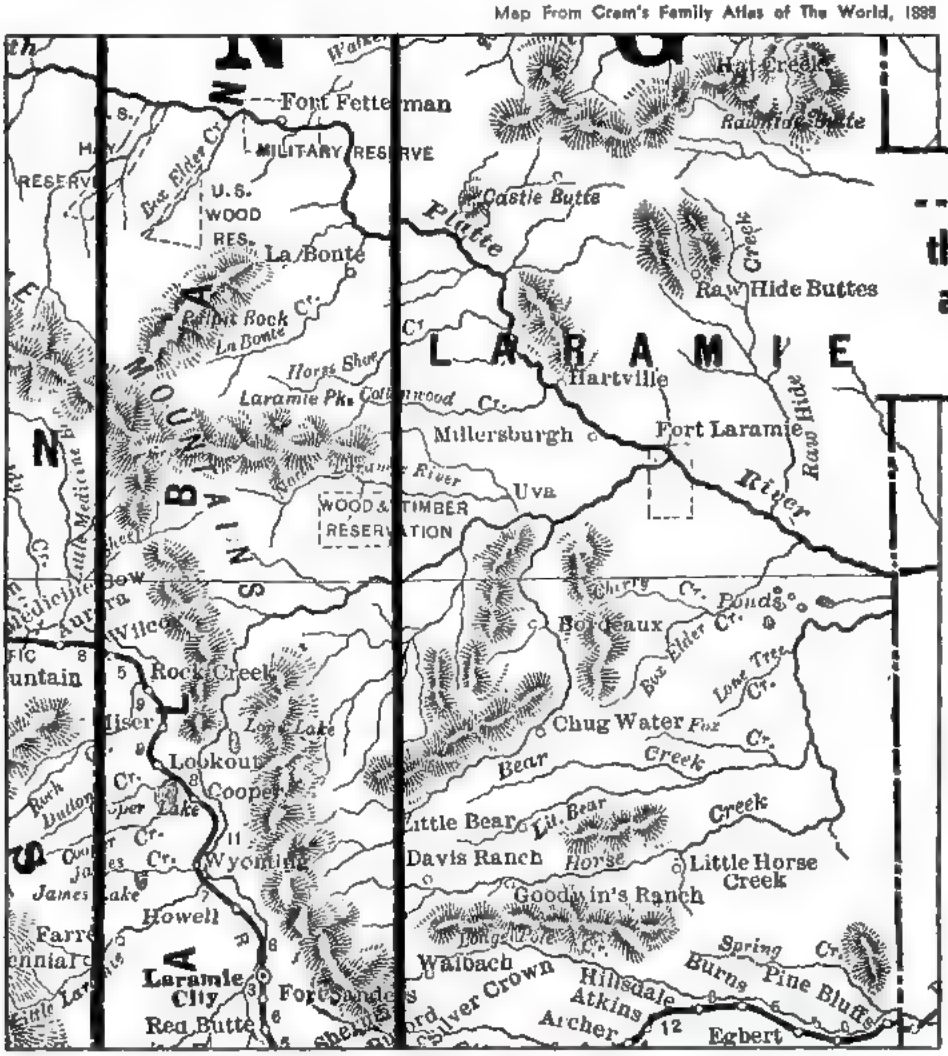


Photo Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Above: Fort Laramie in the late 1860s. Below: Map of the territory traveled by the author.

Map From Cram's Family Atlas of The World, 1888



IN the summer of 1872, I went to the ranch of Jack Hunton, located on a stream called the Chugwater, in Wyoming, where I worked with his brother Jim, getting out fence posts, about two miles from the river at a place called Goshen Hole. Some two years after this the Sioux Indians killed and scalped Jim while he was hunting for stock. After quitting Hunton, I went to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. There I applied for a position as teamster, but as there was no vacancy, I could not get employment.

I wish the reader to understand that I had not as yet met any bad wild Indians. However, this experience came to me before I had been in Laramie many days. Hearing that Cuney & Coffee wanted a teamster at their ranch, four miles up the Laramie River, I went there and applied for the job. Cuney informed me that he did want a teamster. He then asked me to have a drink, and after talking awhile, he said: "We pay forty dollars a month and board to drivers of our four-mule teams, and you may go to work tomorrow morning. Now enjoy yourself."

I informed him that I could not afford to blow myself, as my money was limited. "Drink all you want," was his reply. "There are no charges to a newcomer." I looked upon his open-heartedness with suspicion, but took a few drinks, after which I fell asleep.

Jack Bowman, the bartender, took me into a side room filled with furs of all description and I lay there and slept until Jack wakened me about daylight. He then gave me a bottle of mustard pickles and some crackers for the purpose, he said, of settling my stomach.

--a short reminiscence from the author of *Hard Knocks* a book published in 1915 and now scarce

They surely did. Jack told me that my team was hitched up outside and ready to start. I thought him one of the best fellows I had ever met. "Now," said Jack, "you are to take this load of canned goods to Mr. Deere, a trader on White River. . . .

"This," he added, handing me a piece of paper, on which was written the miles, camps, rivers, etc., of the road, "is a memorandum of stopping and camping places."

Off I started, all alone—no gun or other means of protection, only food for the mules and myself. I made my noon and night camps without any trouble, cooked my supper and staked out the mules, after which I rolled up in my blankets and slept like a log for the remainder of the night.

Next morning I missed the mules, and later found that they had pulled up their stakes and started back home. Immediately after breakfast, I went back after them and found them at the spring where I had camped the noon of the pre-

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I Met Cull Mims

(Continued from page 44)

and back and he could not reach the floor with this crippled foot. I think he was about eighty years old. He slept in long knit drawers, on his back, his head on two pillows, and his legs pulled up in a rafter shape. He made a suckin' sound when he breathed in, and a whistlin' sound when he let his breath out. It was getting pretty chilly, and in five minutes he had all the cover. He smelled kinda like a horse and a greasy saddle. In two minutes he was sound asleep, just suckin' air in and whistlin' it out.

I was supposed to sleep like a gentleman and stay on my side of the bed, but how in tarnation could I act like a gentleman under those trying conditions? I wanted to pray, but I realized God had not heard me when I had talked to Him before I went to bed, and I figured He did not intend to listen to me now. I figured He was letting me suffer for the way I had acted that day by not listening to Maw, and running Billy to death.

The bed had two mattresses: one a cotton, then a feather-bed on top. Quietly as I could, I eased under the feather bed and covered my head, just my nose sticking out. It gave plenty of warmth, and also got rid of part of old man Mims' noise and odor.

Finally daylight was here and I got up as quietly as possible, dressed and went to the lot to feed the horses. I thought about taking my slingshot off the saddle horn, but decided not to. It was quite a loss to lose it, and rubber bands cost 10¢. Besides, I had taken a lot of valuable time whittling that stock out of oak wood.

AFTER breakfast, Paw and old man Mims went to the barn and I followed along. When Mr. Mims started to saddle the little dun pony, he took my slingshot and handed it to me.

"Here's a shooter I found in the road. You can have it."

I thanked the old man, and he turned to Paw and said, "Norman, if this fool boy of yours don't get his neck broke before he gets a little bigger he's going to make one of the best durn cowhands in this country!"

Paw said, "Yes, he's a lot of help to me already."

Well, if the good Lord answered my prayer, He did it through old man Cullen (Cull) Mims, for I had my slingshot back, the knot had left my belly, and I felt as light as a feather. I never felt better in all my life when the little old crippled man rode off down the road. That was my last time ever to see him; a short time later we received word that Cullen Mims was dead.

That night I heard Paw and Maw talking. The talk went like this: Maw said well, the old man had not made many changes since she knew him. She sounded like she was worried about his soul or his after-life. Paw said his kind did not ever change, that he'd steal a yearlin' or a horse before he got out of the county if he had the right opportunity.

Maw asked Paw, "What did the old man say about Jody running over him?" Paw said, "He did not say anything about it."

Maw said, "You ought to talk to that boy about running Billy, before he gets hurt."

Paw said, "A whipping did no good, so words won't either. Just let him ride. He ain't going to hurt that two-bit pony."

When I heard this, I never felt so good; it looked like the good Lord was on my side.

Next morning when I went to feed Billy he rubbed his nose on my back, and I think he was saying, "Well, do you want to race today?" I gave him an extra ear of corn; and I will say Billy and me had a lot of races in the next five years.

I kept Billy till he died, and I was a married man when Billy passed on. I regret so many poor kids nowadays will never have what we kids had—a horse, a dog, plenty fresh air and sunshine, and plenty of wild tales from sons of Texas—but liars, all! Old men like old man Mims; what a pity I did not have the heart and nerve to stay and listen to the old gentleman talk that night so many years ago. Like Paul Boethel said: there was not much to Cullen, but OK. If I would've just set there that night and listened, it would've been a wonderful story.

Taking a Head Count

(Continued from page 21)

on the Prairie" is now portrayed in a television series.

In the narrow strip across southern Kansas, homesteaders had flocked into disputed Indian lands, Pa Ingalls among them. Asa Hairgrove was the enumerator sent to Rutland Township down in Montgomery County, Kansas. He rode horseback across the sections, listing C. P. Ingles (Ingalls), his wife Caroline, and their three daughters, Mary 5, Laura 3, and Cary, 2 months. Mr. Hairgrove ran to phonetic spelling and fancy arabesques in his handwriting.

Pa was listed as a carpenter. His daughter Laura would describe every stick and nail in his "Little House" when she recorded it sixty years later. Had Pa not been a fiddlefoot, and had he stayed put right there, he might have become a rich man; for his little house was built on the oil dome Harry Sinclair would develop two generations later.

Next to the Ingalls is listed the family of George B. Tann, shown as a physician born in Pennsylvania. He was thirty-four years old and has after his name a B for black. In the book, Pa says he was a doctor to the Indians across the line in Oklahoma, and indeed Tann did practice medicine for thirty-six years.

The census taker himself was a man of some note. Asa Hairgrove had been wounded in the 1857 summer tempest between Abolitionists and Bushwhackers, called the Massacre of the Marias de Cygnes (Swamp of the Swans). Never quite recovering from his gunshot wounds of that day, Asa Hairgrove enjoyed the political pork-barrel plum of census taking. He turned in legible, complete lists of citizens in his bailiwick.

Since the government in those days was pleased to have it told the way it was, there was a space for exceptional persons described as pauper; "deef" and dumb; idiotic; blind; crippled.

Interesting names dot the more usual Williams, Marys, Sarahs, Johns, and Jeremiahs—such as Isabel Hurrah, Nancy Maggie, Fancy and Dancy, General Grant, and Missouri Mule (who was a veteran noted as having drawn a Civil War pension for fifteen years).

A Mr. Waters, official of the Santa Fe General Offices, had a daughter named Santa and another called Fe. The name Dolly Varden appears often for little girls. This fad came from an English actress whose beauty and gaiety and enormous hats captured the fancy of her contemporaries.

At the close of each county enumeration, the census taker made a brief recap of his findings. At the end of the 1870 Neosho County, Canville Township, the man wrote "No pauperism in Canville Township. No criminals or convicts. Not a lawsuit within the past year before any justice of peace. To this, I certify.—J. C. Alexander, census taker."

Another gave a less complimentary report. The pages were completely blank for his county out near Ft. Hays except for the notation: "Only 13 men in this county that I know of. Bone pickers and buffalo skinners, so far as I know. Maybe something else. They threatened my life when I asked for names. I left."

ONE RECORD made during the final Indian raids in Kansas tells of a family who traveled thousands of miles to meet a cruel fate. On the page allowed for deaths in the farming section near Ft. Riley for the previous year was:

1 young German—name unknown; about 29. Killed by Indians.

1 German or Swiss woman about 24. Name unknown. Killed by Indians.

1 German or Swiss man about 20. Name unknown. Killed by Indians.

The 1880 census had a helpful addition. It indicated the relationship of every person in the household to its head. If there were five Williams in a single family, including the head of the household, the others might be listed as brother, father, son, nephew, cousin. Thus the family pattern became clear.

This enumeration also showed the service record of all veterans, a future boon to family researchers. Kansas had its share of Galvanized Yankees who stayed on after the last man was mustered out. Many had nothing to return to in the devastated South, and they had learned to like the West. These were Confederate boys who, rather than rot in a Yankee prison, had sworn allegiance to the Union in return for fighting Indians on the border (with the government's promise that they would never have to fight their homeland).

When the last man was mustered out, he could pay 25¢ for his sidearm and keep it, another 25¢ for his army blanket, and thus have a stake in a new life. He found he could buy into the rich flatland

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Jacob H. Wolford

Jacob H. Wolford was born November 11, 1836 in Bellepoint, Delaware County, Ohio. He married Miss Effa L. West on the last day of February, 1859 in Pennville, Jay County, Indiana. He served as a private in the 75th Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. He died on August 3, 1876 in Pennville at age 39 years and 9 months. He is buried in the Union Cemetery in Jackson Township, Jay County, Indiana. He was an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, which church he had entered into when sixteen. His father, Martin Wolford, was an early pioneer in Jay County, Indiana, having settled there in 1838. Any additional information would be appreciated, especially from the Jay County area.—Timothy Mangham, Route 1, Box 807-K, Oroville, California 95965

Pearce-Brace

I am seeking information about the family of William Robert Pearce, born 1803 in Pennsylvania. He married Joanna Brace, born 1809 in New York State. They lived in Pleasant Township, Switzerland County, Indiana, where their nine children were born. My grandfather, William C., was their son who came to Kansas after the Civil War and acquired land in Brown County. Two other brothers later followed him and they all settled on land in Cloud County, Kansas.

Were Thomas Pearce, born 1745, New York City, and wife Mary Barnes, born 1768, his great-grandparents? Was Thomas' son Thomas his father? The Thomas Pearce family lived in Maryland until after the Revolutionary War when Thomas I went to Kentucky and eventually moved to Ohio. He built the first house in Wirbana, Ohio near where the present city building stands.—Mrs. Delana Pearce Rothenberger, Rt. 2, Box 1, Osborne, Kansas 67473

Summers-Armstrong

Lt. Samuel Sterling Summers, Co. L, 9th Illinois Cavalry, Civil War, worked on ranches in California in 1880 and 1890. He died at the Veteran's Home, Yountville, California in 1917. His wife was Mary Elizabeth Armstrong. I would like to contact any descendants of this couple as they would be my cousins.—Thelma D. Villar, 8238 8th Avenue, Hesperia, California 92345

Haverstick-Walt-Woods-Evans-Clark McCoy-Washington-Crockett

My grandparents, Susan Haverstick and Everett Watt, moved to Upland, California about 1905, four years after my father, Marvin Cecil Watt, was born. They came from Valle Minas, Missouri. Everett Watt was born during the 1870s, as was Susan. They had five or six boys and two girls. Everett Watt may have farmed in Missouri.

Grandpa Evans also had a farm. One daughter, Bonnie, married Rance Woods during the 1930s. Both Grandpa Evans and Woods lived near Cincinnati, possibly over the river in Kentucky.

Bernie (Bernard) Clark was born near Bridgeport, Nebraska and with his brother Tuffy and a friend named "Strawberry Slim" travelled and set up slightly fixed poker games. During one of the games the "marks" discovered the "fix" and Bernie was shot, but later recovered. Slim and Tuffy died early from either alcohol or "lead" poisoning. Bernie was born in 1902 and was a shady character during the 1920s in San Bernardino, California, the rip-roaring years. Bernie was a McCoy on his mother's side of the Hatfield-McCoy feud family.

Between 1910-1920, a family Bible, containing the lineage of George Washington's mother's family, Mary Ball, was lost. It also had a reference to Davy Crockett regarding kinship. The last rightful owner was Sara Graham (Mrs. Robert M.), maiden name unknown. She was my grandmother, married to Rev. Robert M. Graham in the 1880s in or near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Sara died in 1940. She had eight or nine children, one named Dorothy, who died about 1912 of scarlet fever or pneumonia at age six.

Someone may be keeping the Bible for historical reasons, but the lineage should be made available to relatives. I am descended from the Ball family, Washington's aunt, on the female side of the tree, which is difficult to trace. Anything on any of these individuals or families will be appreciated.—L. Watt Woods, 2304 Garden Oaks, Irving, Texas 75061

Hartnett

I am searching for relatives of my father, Charles Hartnett. He was born in 1856 and died in 1922. He was left an orphan during boyhood and grew to early manhood on a horse ranch near Galt, California. He had a younger sister named Mary with whom he lost contact. His younger years were spent mining and prospecting throughout the West. He also drove a stagecoach in Idaho. In the late 1880s he homesteaded near Colville, Washington where he resided at the time of his death.—Clare A. Hartnett, 13346 Edgemont Street, Riverside, California 92503

Hoppers-Tranton

I would like to hear from anyone who knows Bill and Cassie Hoppers, my mother's brother and sister, and Rena Tranton, my half-sister. They left east Texas about 1906 or 1907 going to Arkansas. I lost track of them and would like to find them very much.—Amie Chapman, P. O. Box 124, Portales, New Mexico 88130

Swinney-Jameson-Jamison

My grandmother, Justina Swinney, died February, 1858 in Fayette, Missouri. She was the wife of William H. Swinney, widow of Rev. William Jamison. She left an infant son seven weeks old and a little boy, Rosser, about five years old. John Rosser Jamison was my father. Did Swinney move to Kansas about 1861? Anyone having knowledge that might lead to information of any of these people, please contact me.—Russell Jameson, Rt. 1, Box 168-B, Deville, Louisiana 71328

Clarkson-Clarkston-Bolin-Johnson-Perkins

William Riley Clarkson, a Baptist minister, was born 1804 in Anderson County, Tennessee. His wife, Penelopia Cicelia Kile Bolin was born in 1817, where unknown, but she died in Gage County, Nebraska. She was part Cherokee Indian. They lived in Illinois, Missouri and Nebraska. Their children were James, my great-grandfather; Thomas; Mary Elizabeth; and Eliza. They all lived in Osborne County at one time.

James eventually moved to Woods County, Oklahoma with his second wife, Elizabeth Fishback and their family during the Cherokee Strip run.

Riley's parents were Constantine, born 1762, Goochland County; Virginia and Roady (Johnson), born 1764-1769, North Carolina. Constantine's parents were David, born about 1735 and Ann Perkins, born about 1741. Roady's parents were Squire Aquilla Johnson and P. Tubb.

Any further information on these families will be appreciated.—Mrs. Delana Pearce Rothernberger, Rt. 2, Box 1, Osborne, Kansas 67473

Thatcher

Sometime before 1847 my great-great-grandmother drowned, and I would like to know the details, when and where, and what her maiden name was. Her husband, John Thatcher, was born about 1803 in Bourbon County, Kentucky. His parents, Bartholomew and Sarah Carrington Thatcher, moved to Lawrence County, Indiana sometime before 1820. My great-grandmother, Sarah Ann Thatcher, was born October 28, 1830 in Lawrence County, Indiana and died in 1920 in Creek County, Oklahoma. Sarah Ann's mother had a sister living across a river from John and her. The sister died. John and

(Continued on page 62)

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Taking A Head Count

(Continued from page 46)

of the Midwest and start anew. Many changed their names; many gave their U.S. regiment in the 1880 census rather than admit to the defeated Confederate outfits they began with. Feeling still ran high and bitter. When President Cleveland once appointed one of these men to the postmastership in a little Kansas community he was almost ridden out of town.

The 1890 census was inadvertently burned in 1921. Some very inarticulate explanations of this strange happening have been made. A small share of this census has been reconstructed but a great gap remains. Since census records are not available to the public for seventy-five years, there is a barren stretch for almost a century in this case. However, a few states such as Kansas and Iowa made a five-year census between the national counts up to 1925 when they were discontinued.

Some people grumble over the present census trend of being more concerned with the number of bathrooms and bedrooms in a house than with one's grandfather's name. And some predict that with the intermarriages occasioned by the many wars, and the influx of Oriental and Latin names which often pass through the mother, our generation may become as difficult to sort out as say, going back through the Middle Ages when there were no surnames.

Christening the Red Onion

(Continued from page 33)

to-the-soil movement, largely sponsored by the Denver *Post* with its *Great Divide* paper acting as mouthpiece. The object was to induce people to homestead the millions of acres of range land and, according to the *Great Divide*, everyone would be rich in a few years. Well, the promoters' scheme worked to the extent that the greater part of the range land was homesteaded. But most of the "Drys," as they were called, failed to make a living and gradually "stewed" out.

The Drys had large families, as a rule, but for the first three or four years they were too busy in summer building shacks and dugouts to think much about schools. And in winter they had to earn extra money which took them out nearer schools, so nothing was done about building one in the area.

Gradually the Drys thinned out until at last there remained only about a dozen families scattered over our part of the country that looked like they might "stick." They were the ones who had started to accumulate a few head of cattle and had hopes of growing into the cattle business.

When a clamor was raised for a school, a fund was started to build one as the county would furnish a teacher but not a building. The school fund grew slowly, so slowly in fact that by the time there was enough money to buy lumber for the roof and floor most of the kids had grown up or their families had moved away. But there were still six children, the minimum number required before a teacher would be provided, and it was decided to go ahead anyway.

Now the problem was where to build it. This called for meetings, with hot debates no end. Finally a compromise was reached. How they ever arrived at the exact location for the school is still a mystery to me. If they had deliberately tried, no more desolate, wind-swept, uninviting spot could have been found—a barren rocky ridge ten or twelve miles from any timber, even for fire-wood; and as if that wasn't bad enough, snow had to be melted or water hauled to drink. The only available building material was a ledge of red sandstone which was falling away in slabs, thus making an easily workable material.

Well, work was started and it dragged along all one summer, the foundations being laid out in optimistic proportions. As the walls grew, the building sort of took on the proportions of a red monster sitting out there in the middle of nowhere. It could be seen for miles, red and raw looking, a long low structure with porthole-like windows.

All of these antics of the Drys were looked upon by the cowboys as an unusually good show to which they held box seats and they were not at all backward about doing a little good-natured ribbing and heckling (but no work). And as the thing neared completion they could begin to see vast possibilities in it. They began to talk up the idea of a big dance, sort of a house-warming.

The plan went over big. Everyone felt he could use some relaxation after lifting all those heavy stones to build the walls.

IT WAS about this time, while the Drys were pondering over a name and rolling high-sounding titles around their tongues, that some wag among the cowboys dubbed the structure the "Red Onion." The name caught on, and everyone you met those days wanted to know when the big dance was going to be pulled off at that Red Onion.

At last the building was completed and the night of the dance arrived. Buckboards began arriving before sundown and a steady stream of them followed, not to mention dozens of cowboys on horseback. The crowd exceeded anyone's fondest hopes; some even came from Green River, about thirty miles away.

There having been no provision made for tying horses, some were hobbled, some picketed, others tied to the wagon or just left standing. The saddle horses, of course, were just left with their reins dropped, which normally was sufficient. Kids were bedded down in wagons or corners and things were warming up nicely.

Someone backed a buckboard up to the door and set a five-gallon keg of "white mule" with a spigot and tin cup on the tail-gate. This added immeasurably to the liveliness of the crowd. After a few helpings at the tailgate, the fiddler could play "Turkey In The Straw" double-time.

About midnight things got pretty wild so some of the Dry ladies who were not familiar with cowboy nature nominated

Charlie Mantle to be Sergeant-at-Arms. This was a very unwise choice because Charlie took advantage of the opportunity to have some fun at the ladies' expense. Grabbing one of the loudest of the dancing "knights of the range," who was one of Charlie's good friends and therefore willing to cooperate, they made for the door. Their exit was followed immediately by several shots outside, screams inside, and the music came to a wailing halt. Everyone dashed out just in time to see the best scramble of horses, harness and buckboards that ever was. The whole crowd was afoot or in the process of being afoot. It was too dark to see well, but judging from the sounds each team was going in a different direction.

The boys were having too good a time to let a little thing like that worry them, though, and after determining that none of the missing wagons contained any sleeping children, the party proceeded with renewed vigor and lasted until daylight.

Noon the next day still saw men trying to follow the course taken by their runaway horses in order to recover parts of their harness and gear. For some time thereafter pieces of harness, blankets and wagons could be found strewn over a couple of sections around the school. And I heard about a horse with a saddle under his belly at least a week later. Thus was the Red Onion christened.

Of course there were other dances held but none to equal the first; ask any of the old-timers around there if he remembers the Red Onion dance and I'll lay you ten to one you'll bring a chuckle out of him.

School was held there only one year. I hold the "distinction" of being the only student ever to graduate from the Red Onion school, a doubtful honor to be sure.

Living with "Aunt Sam" James

(Continued from page 35)

local grocery stores after their day's work was done and swap yarns for a couple of hours. Usually after that time, they were ready to make their purchase of groceries, which they had been sent to buy in the first place. Many a family has waited supper for some of their menfolks who got so involved in telling and listening to stories that they forgot to go home at all!

Bill Chance was one of the group who was always on hand from the time these sessions started until the last man had taken his groceries under his arm and gone home. Bill did not have a family to wait supper for him.

He was unmarried and I believe lived with a sister or some other relative. They often lost patience with his tardiness but realized that he was old enough to take care of himself and didn't mind if he came for the evening meal or not.

Often, long after the others had gone home, Bill and I sat around the pot-bellied stove and talked together. It was during those chats that I learned he was a cousin of Jesse James. I do not remember, and in fact maybe never knew, if the relationship was on the maternal or paternal side of the family.

I only know that Bill Chance was an honest and steady-going fellow and that I never found cause to doubt anything he told me. I was fascinated by some of the incidents he told.

Now, in the "Golden Years" of my life, maybe by passing these stories on, others may be able to get the same laughs out of them as I have in the past. Yes, the James family found time for a little humor in their lives, even as you and I.

BILL CHANCE was a cripple, having what was known as a "club foot." He had been orphaned at an early age and had gone to live with the James family. Jesse's mother was Bill's aunt and he always referred to her as "Aunt Sam." He remembered her with affection and always spoke of her in the manner a man would use when speaking of his own mother.

His hair was generously sprinkled with gray. His eyes held a twinkle which age had not dimmed. Often, while we were talking, he moved around to make the lame foot more comfortable on the box where he had rested it. Often too, while relating something, he paused a minute to be sure he was getting the name or place exactly right. I have forgotten long ago some of these names and dates but Bill Chance's stories will remain with me forever.

"I was just a kid and a crippled one at that," he said, "when I went to live with Aunt Sam. Up until that time, I had just lived wherever there was the most work to do. It seemed like everybody tried to remind me that I was working for my keep and everybody tried to do their share in trying to keep me busy.

"I usually shifted around from one place to another, where the odd jobs had piled up and were waiting for me.

"It was different at Aunt Sam's. She had a way of making me feel like one of the family and that I was wanted. Nobody there reminded me that the food I ate was to be paid for by work that was too hard for me to do. Aunt Sam was the kindest person I had ever known. Nobody had ever been so kind to me before—or since. She was a good woman with more than her share of trouble.

"There was never a time when she was not worried about Frank and Jesse. She didn't talk about them at all to me. I knew that they were always in danger and that sometimes she got word from them. That, too, she did not share with a kid of my age. I had never seen either of them. They were both gone and wanted men before I went to Aunt Sam's house.

"I guess about the only contact I ever had with Frank and Jesse was the time Aunt Sam was getting ready to go to the church dinner. They were having one of them big church doin's with all day preaching and dinner on the ground. I had heard Aunt Sam talk about it all week and had helped her carry her groceries home that she would need to fix her share of the dinner.

"On Saturday night before the event, two strangers (at least they were strangers to me), rode up and put their horses in the barn. They didn't unsaddle them and when they went into the house, I was outside and didn't know if Aunt Sam

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knew them or what she called them. I didn't even know if she was surprised at their coming. By the time I got into the house, everything was going smooth as pie and Aunt Sam was fixing them something to eat.

"I don't remember hearing either of them called by name but I was used to hearing a lot of mysterious things go on around there. Kids didn't ask a lot of questions. It never occurred to me that it was Frank and Jesse. I was used to just taking things as they come and knowing that if a grown person had anything they wanted me to know, they would tell me. I had learned to keep my mouth shut and was doin' just that.

"I was used to Aunt Sam getting some kind of word from the boys once in a while. Sometimes she seemed real pleased and in high spirits for several days after she got news from them; sometimes she was lower down in the dumps than ever.

"THAT NIGHT I had made up my mind that these men must have brought her good news. She was in a good humor and hurried around, fixing them something to eat. I worried that she was going to fix some of the stuff for them that we had bought for the church dinner. Sure enough she did.

"They ate one at a time, while the other one went back and forth from one window to another and looked down the road. I decided then that there was mystery a-foot but asked no questions. I knew, from past experience, that I would get no answers and that I might get sent to bed.

"I kept quiet and sat in my chair in the corner most of the time. The two men went upstairs and we all slept in the same room. It had two double beds in it. I slept in one bed and they slept in the other one, one at a time. I knew that both of them kept their clothes on and that every time I was awake, one of them was standing by the window.

"I got to wondering if there was someone who was supposed to meet Frank and Jesse there. I dozed off to sleep, still ignorant of the fact that I was sleeping under the same roof with Frank and Jesse both. I guess it just never occurred to me that they would really come right into the house, as big as life.

"The next morning the two ate their breakfast and Aunt Sam said to me, 'Billy, you had better get out and catch two of them frying chickens and kill them real early so I can fix them in time to take to the church dinner.'

"As I finished my own breakfast and started out to do as I had been told to do, one of the men got up from the table and said to Aunt Sam, 'Just show me which chicken you want killed. I can take care of it quicker than the boy can.'

"Aunt Sam went to the back door and pointed to the flock of Plymouth Rock roosters and said, 'Just any of them out there will be all right.'

"The man pulled his gun from its holster and before I had time to blink my eyes, two of them chickens was lying headless in the yard while the others ran cackling and squawking toward the barn.

"I went out and picked up the dead chickens and the men got on their horses and rode away. I heard one of them say to Aunt Sam, 'Wonder what that preacher would think when he eats that fried chicken if he knew it had been killed by Jesse James?'

"In a minute they were both riding down the hill and I was standing in the yard with my mouth open, dazed by what I had just heard.

"Aunt Sam brought me back to the business with her, 'Come on, Billy, help me get these chickens dressed and forget the rest of it. You are old enough to know that we don't tell everything we know around here.'

"I had never even thought of doing anything Aunt Sam told me not to do. I knew I could keep from telling what I knew but forgetting it was something else again. I knew that I had been face to face with Jesse James. I could never forget that, even if Aunt Sam did tell me to.

"THE chickens around the place left several things for me to remember about my life with Aunt Sam. She sold her eggs and fryers for enough money to practically keep us in groceries. I was a little too young to give much thought to where the money came from that supplied our needs. I remember that it was my job to gather the eggs and help Aunt Sam carry them to market.

"We lived about a mile from the flag-stop where the train would stop in case it was flagged by someone who wanted to get on board. Aunt Sam and me would get our eggs ready in a basket, walk the mile and wait for the train. We could ride into St. Joe, which was four or five miles, and come home on the next one, which would get us back late in the afternoon.

"Being a twelve-year-old boy, I guess I saw more funny things than the grown-ups saw at that time. Most of the time Aunt Sam was so worried that life didn't mean much to her. I took my laughs where I found them and one of them was the day when I went with her to market the eggs.

"There being no station where we boarded the train, we had to pay our fare in cash. I think it was fifteen cents. Aunt Sam only had one arm and always carried her purse in that hand. I carried the basket of eggs. I was pretty proud of myself that I was getting big enough to flag the train for her.

"I set the basket down, flagged the train and picked it up again as the train slowed to a stop for us. That morning we had a new conductor that we had not seen on any of our trips before. He was wearing a new cap and seemed to me to be far too proud of the brass buttons on his uniform. He used the toughest voice he could muster, as he watched us trying to get seated without breaking our eggs, adjusting our movements with the lurching of the train.

"The conductor said, 'Tickets please.' Aunt Sam had put her purse between her knees and was trying to find her change purse, rummaging through the other things, with her one hand. Being sorts confused, with the conductor standing

right over her, she knew she could find it in a minute and said to him, "Young man, I know I have got money in here but I can't seem to find it in a hurry. Why don't you just go on and do whatever else it is you need to do and I'll find it before you get back.'

"The conductor saw his chance to show his authority and did it by saying, 'I'll not go anywhere until you pay your fare and neither will you. I've got my orders to let nobody ride this train without a ticket. Just because you are crippled, don't get the idea that you can ride free. I'll just put you off here and you will not have so far to walk back.'

"He pulled the cord and the train slowed to a stop. I was not worried half as much about getting put off the train as I was about having to carry all them eggs back home. As I tried to help Aunt Sam down the steps, the conductor added, 'I wouldn't let my own mother ride my train without payin.'

"That did it. Aunt Sam turned around, looked him straight in the eye and said, 'Young man, I'm glad I'm not your mother. I wouldn't claim such a rude man for a son, but I'll tell you now that I *am* Jesse James' mother and after your little performance, I guess I'm pretty proud of being the mother of an outlaw.'

"Just as her feet touched the ground below the steps, she turned to him and continued, 'And I'll tell you something else. If Jesse ever hears about this, it will probably be the last train you will ever ride, here or anywhere else.'

"I had never seen Aunt Sam mad before. It was kinda funny. But the funniest thing about it all was the way that conductor picked her up and carried her back up the steps and onto that train.

"I had made it to the ground first and was waiting there for Aunt Sam but she didn't make it. He helped her back into the coach and even came back to help me with my basket of eggs. He stood by Aunt Sam's side and kept up the stream of apologies.

" 'I'm sorry, Ma'am, I didn't know that you were Jesse's mother. Why, Jesse is one of my favorite people. I've always said he would be a fine fellow if they would just give him a chance—'

"He finally left us alone after telling Aunt Sam, 'Any time you want to ride my train, you just get on it. Don't bother about money at all. It's a pleasure to have the mother of Jesse James on my train.'

"During all the years that I lived in that family and knew that the name of Jesse James struck terror to the hearts of some people, it was the first and only time I ever heard Aunt Sam use it to gain any sort of an end for herself.

"I remember, too, a man who came and stayed at Aunt Sam's for a while. I can't remember what his excuse was for being there. It must have been a good one or she never would have taken him in. I think he was a paying boarder and she always needed money. He slept upstairs in the other bed in the big room where I slept.

"I remember the night that three masked men came and took him out of bed. I was scared to death and covered up my head. We found him the next morning,

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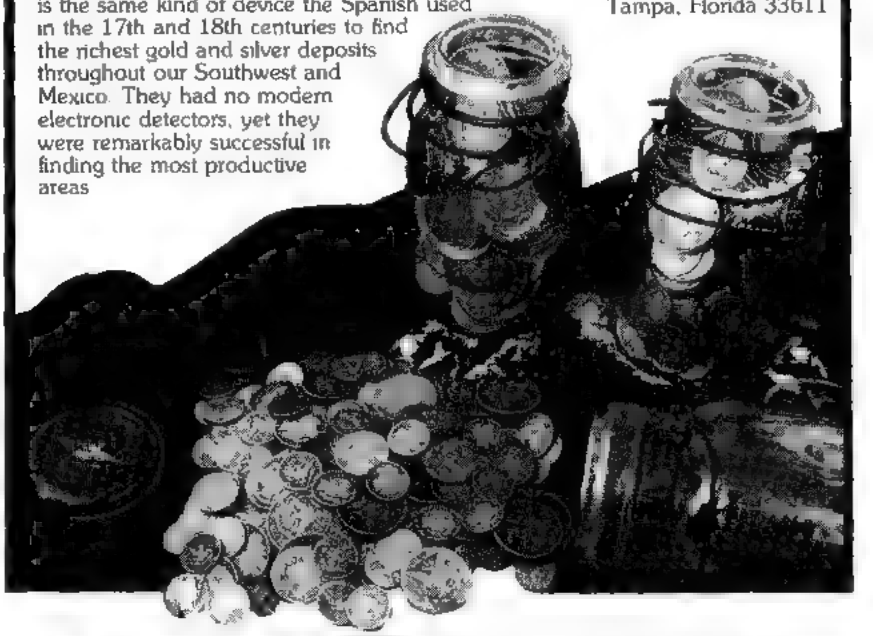

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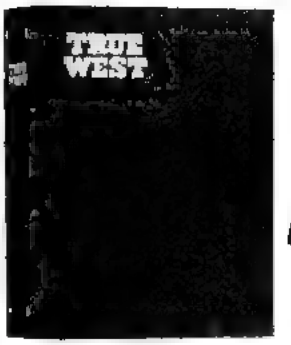

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down at the back of the pasture, shot full of holes. His suitcase was still under his bed and it was full of some kind of papers that made it clear who he was. He was some kind of an officer and was looking for Frank and Jesse. I don't think it was them that caught and killed him but I've always had the idea it was some of their friends.

"I can remember that when they took him down the steps he was begging for mercy. Aunt Sam never did tell me anything about that either, but I was getting old enough to figure out a few things for myself.

"Lots of people don't believe that Jesse died like they say he did. They think it was someone else who was buried as Jesse James, just to stop the law from looking for him. But I know different. Them people didn't see Aunt Sam's face at that time and I did.

"I also saw the stranger who rode up, got off his horse and came into the house to look at the corpse just before the burying. He walked back out, got on his horse and rode away. Nobody said a word about who he was. I think a lot of them thought it was Frank. I *knew* it was Frank.

"I knew the man in the black coffin was Jesse too, because I remembered the men who killed the chickens."

Bill Chance has been gone now, these many years. I will always remember him and his stories. As I am getting old myself, I like to think about him. He was my true friend. If he ever liked anyone, he liked them and was not afraid to express his opinion. He was one man who would always, if he mentioned the notorious James boys, add a few kind words in their behalf.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

ing for the men who can find them, and everything necessary to give a title to them is the discovery and compliance with certain simple forms. This done the prospector owns the ledge.

"When the prospector is ready to begin his actual work, the first thing that he must do is to purchase an outfit. This must be adapted to the life he is going to lead and must be complete, or he will suffer severely for the lack of articles he should have procured. A good outfit for the prospector should consist of two pairs of heavy blankets, eight pounds in weight each. A buffalo robe or, better yet, a blanket-lined rubber poncho for sleeping on. A suit of strong gray woolen clothes, a pair of brown jean trousers, a change of woolen underclothing, woolen socks, a pair of heavy boots, a soft felt hat, three or four large handkerchiefs, a pair of buckskin gauntlets, and such toilet articles as he desires to take.

"These should all go into a strong canvas bag made with strings to tie up the open end. It will do no harm if this bag be made waterproof. He should have a breech-loading or magazine rifle of some kind, or a shot-gun. Around his waist he should wear a strong sash, and to it have attached his holster and his knife sheath; carry in the former a Colt's revolver, of heavy size, and in the latter a heavy hunting knife. His ammunition should if possible fit the rifle as well as the revolver. If he be a smoker, he will carry his tobacco and pipe.

"For transportation a good mustang, as free from tricks and bad habits as he can get it, should be bought. Mustangs are better than mules for mountain work because they have better backs for the saddle and larger areas of hoof, the latter being an important point when there is much traveling to do over sandy deserts. They are quite as sure-footed and will live on the same forage.

"He should buy a Mexican saddle fitted with rings, straps or thongs, to tie on his pack, saddle bags, water canteen, etc. Speaking of this last, it should be large and be covered with thick felt. If it has a cork for a stopper, this should always be secured by a cord to the neck of the canteen that it may not be lost.

"One of the stirrups, preferably the left, should be fitted with a leather tube in which the barrel of the rifle may be placed, and there should be a strap fastened to the horn of the saddle, with which you can secure the stock by wrapping it around once and then putting the end of the strap over the horn. This tube and strap is the best method of carrying the gun or rifle yet discovered, as it is easy to cast the weapon loose and it does not pound itself to pieces against the saddle.

"The bridle should be made with a whip at the end of the reins, and the long stake rope should be either attached to a halter worn by the animal or knotted in such a manner that it will not slip around the neck. While traveling the rope is coiled up and tied to a thong on the right of the saddle in front. If a staking pin be a part of the outfit the thong must be passed through the ring at the top and a small piece of leather sewn on the saddle flaps for the pin to go through, in such a way as to prevent its jogging up and down.

The holster should have a hole in the end, through which a small cord or thongs like a leather shoelace should be passed and tied around the leg. Properly put on, it will not hurt the rider, while its usefulness as preventing the hammering of the leg by the heavy revolver will be found to be very great. For the work of prospecting, a 'poll' pick and prospecting pan made of iron should be carried. The pan serves for washing out sand or as a dish for bathing in. A frying pan eight inches in diameter, made of wrought iron; a coffee pot, tin cup, fork and spoon; a good supply of matches in a tin case the shape of a bottle, with a good cork in it, or what is better still, a wide-mouthed glass-stoppered bottle in a tin box; a pocket compass—and let it be a good one—and a spy-glass or pair of field glasses.

"For provisions the prospector takes with him bacon, flour, beans, tea, pepper and salt and a box of yeast powders. These should all be packed in bags, which go into a canvas sack somewhat of the shape of that in which the blankets and clothes are put. While the list as given above contains all that is absolutely necessary, chili peppers and strong red onions should be added to it whenever it is practicable. The former in hot climates are almost a necessity, while the latter will at all times improve the fare to a very great and pleasurable degree. Should the prospector run short of water he will, if he places a piece of raw onion in his mouth, find that the torture of thirst is at once destroyed and that the swelling of the lips and tongue from lack of water is prevented. The prospector should carry some quinine with him and some pills to act upon the bowels, as well as a remedy for dysentery.

"Having collected his outfit he will proceed to pack his animal; placing upon the mustang's back the blanket—a folded blanket is far better than a saddle cloth, as it can be washed and hung up to dry—which has been carefully folded with-

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out wrinkles. Then he puts on the saddle and cinches it securely.

"The work of the prospector in his search after mines is peculiar. As far as the mine itself is concerned, he starts out on his hunt without any very definite idea of where he is going to find it. He concludes that a given range of hills are 'likely looking,' and he proceeds to prospect them. The chances that he fails in his search or that he succeeds are about even. The only indications from which he can reason at all are of the slightest possible character. If he knows that there are what are called recent placers on some river, he may conclude that somewhere along that river there are free gold-bearing ledges, but beyond this he has little to guide him."

ONE MAN'S VIEW OF DODGE CITY

THIS lyrical—and humorously exaggerated—description of Dodge City was written by a correspondent of the Leavenworth *Daily Times* and published October 29, 1876:

"No bluer skies bend their crystal arch above the far-famed, beggared-hemmed and flea-grit boy of Naples; or the lakes of Corro. . . . No greener pastures, no more fertile fields ever feasted the frolicsome mule colt, or gladdened the heart of the sun-browned husbandman, with hundred-fold harvests. No softer moonlight bathes in flood of silver sheen, the orange groves of Andalusia. No balmier breeze sighs over Araby the blest or the gardens of Gaul in her bloom than the sweetness of the zephyr that lingers in long embrace amid our flower beds and pig pens.

"No nobler, larger-legged, bigger-booted, straight tobacco spitting, more public spirited men than the agricultural and mechanical men of this section ever left their print . . . on the sands of time, and no brighter dearer or lovelier creatures than these potent gum-pun-rubber-bustled-darlings, these calico seraphs, the sweethearts, wives, mother-in-laws, grannies, and their cousin Amanda Jones. Oh! This is a splendid, magnificent, hunkidorious domain!

"And what is there desirable under the sun that it will not produce of all men's varied wants. . . . Here are timber, stone, clay and lime for his dwelling; cattle, yellow-legged chickens, corn, wine, buttermilk and honey, pumpkin pies growing wild on the sage bushes. Vinegar Bitters and Limberger cheese grow without irrigation, and tobacco for his solace and delight, enabling him to render every parlor and church pew just as nasty as the elevated Christian taste would require; sheep and broad acres of corn and wheat to yield him the necessities of life.

"What more could be asked or desired? . . . Seekers for a home, shivering in a cold northern clime, here is the place for you. Come and be happy. Prolific Kansas offers you a home, comfort and a fortune.

"Large herds of the festive bovines dot the broad prairie in every direction. The happy and careless cowboys walk the streets with an air of one born to command. . . . About fifteen car loads of cattle are shipped on an average per day, and the supply does not seem to diminish in the least. . . .

"Rath & Wright are building a fine brick store on the main street and will occupy it in about a month.

"H. J. Fringer, the worthy P. M., holds forth a neat little drug store and is daily adding meat to his ribs and dollars to his bank account. The Shinn brothers are running the Dodge City *Times* and are making it pay."—*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.*

California's Killer Flood

(Continued from page 33)

the rising stream would reach his home. He was right. He made several trips to carry his household furnishings higher up the bank. On the last trip back to the cabin he watched it drop into the river and float away.

McKean Buchanan, an actor, and his theatrical troupe, escaped from the hotel to an oak tree at Snellingville in Merced County. They shared the perch until rescued by boat. The Merced River swept away one-third of the town, including the hotel and the oak tree, shortly afterwards.

Many land and snow slides occurred in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Dr. Morse and his family lived on the Ogleby road at the junction with the county road in El Dorado County. Intending to do some building, the doctor had piled some logs against boulders on the uphill side of his house. When the mud slide menaced their house, the doctor and his family watched in horror, fearing they would be buried alive. But when the slide encountered the logs, it was diverted and slowed up, so the family escaped.

A snow slide roared through Excelsior Hill, a tunnel mining camp, in Sierra county, killing two men, injuring others and destroying several buildings. It happened during the shift change. If it had come earlier or later, more might have lost their lives.

In another snow accident, two men sleeping on billiard tables in the Hale and Hughes saloon in Monoville, Mono County, were injured, one badly, when the roof collapsed from the weight of accumulated snow.

At daylight Friday, January 10, the Stanislaus River crest hit Knight's Ferry like an avalanche, rising rapidly until it covered the business section built on a flat above the river. At dusk the river fell about four feet and Knight's Ferry residents thought the worst was over. Then at 2 a.m., Saturday the Stanislaus again rose rapidly and carried off all the buildings on the flat, which was half the town. The buildings on the hill were not destroyed.

The Sacramento Valley became one giant lake. In February, cold weather turned its surface into a sheet of ice. In many places river currents broke through, piling ice sheets on top of each other and forming icebergs up to ten feet tall.

During the high water, Mr. Brastow, a Wells Fargo & Co. messenger, while traveling between Shasta and Red Bluff,

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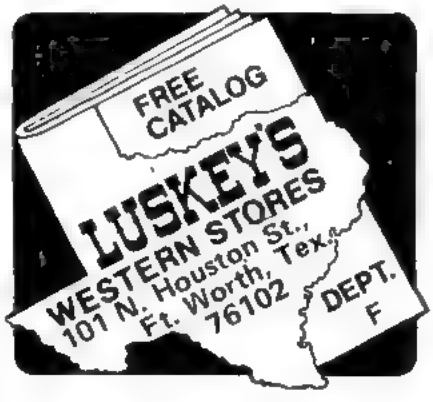

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Don't miss the following stories in the September 1977 FRONTIER TIMES. **100 YEARS ON THE SWITZER RANCH** (a long look back at the cattle, the wild horses, and the people this Colorado range harbored). • **COMANCHE, A CENTURY LATER** (the famed Seventh Cavalry horse). • **THE QUIRT MAKER** • **ARTIST BOB HALL—EYES OF THE WEST** • **THE SMOOTH-TALKING HORSE THIEF** and much more!

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came upon a woman on Cottonwood Creek wading in three feet of water. She had a bucket in one hand and a long pole in the other. As she waded along, she used the pole to poke into the water on both sides of her and in front. When Mr. Brastow asked her what she was doing, she replied that her children at home were thirsty and she was searching for the well.

A Chinese, marooned in the second story of his house which was floating down San Ramon Creek in Contra Costa County near Alamo, was rescued by a Mexican who lassoed him and hauled him to safety.

After Jacob Barnhisel left his wagon stuck in the mud near Pacheco, the flooding San Ramon floated a house on top of the wagon. As the water receded, the house settled down over the wagon, leaving the wagon inside the house.

A three-acre land slide into Purissima Creek in San Mateo County caused a flood which wrecked the Lane house. The family lost everything except the piano which was found unharmed on top of a great redwood log.

Los Angeles was a city of 4,000 people living in one-story adobe houses with flat roofs and surrounded by orchards and vineyards. The rains turned every dry gulch and arroyo into a torrent emptying into the already full Los Angeles River, which soon overflowed. The flood caused the adobe walls to melt or collapse, and orchards were torn out or covered with sand.

The City of San Bernardino is watered by the Santa Ana River which, in summer, has very little flow. In the middle of January 1862, however, the stream became a torrent with a twenty-mile current and was a mile wide opposite San Bernardino.

Soldiers, camped on a bluff of the Santa Ana River, saved many lives. One soldier swam through the flood to rescue two children. He swam back to camp with a baby cradled in one arm and a five-year-old boy clinging to his beard.

The Gila River, flowing out of Arizona, meets the Colorado River at Fort Yuma. Because of the great amount of rain, the two rivers rose simultaneously on January 22 and covered many miles of desert. Water was four feet deep at the Fort, and across the Colorado River from Fort Yuma, Colorado City was almost destroyed.

It is to be remembered that people of all political persuasions, criminals, honest men and greedy men from all over the world came to California for gold. This flood forced them to forget momentarily their ambitions and differences, perhaps the only bright spot in the terrible ordeal of Winter '61-62.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 43)

the music for his funeral, with the only selection being "Dixie." That was the only piece Barton wanted. He was buried at Salado in the family burying ground. —Kathleen Evans Houston Barron, 1202 Aubert, Houston, Texas 77017

Folks, You Oughta Trust Our Authors

In 1964 and 1965 I started to collect what is now about three hundred *True West* and other titles. My boy is now nine years old and just starting to read them. I bought them for the stories of the people who made the West.

Every magazine had at least one story of treasure and old lost mines in them, and I soon realized they all had a common theme, but there were a few that outdid themselves. I made a point of picking the most weird of them. Every time I thought I had found it I would find another to top the last one. But I soon had to accept a story in *True West* as the king of all of them. I am talking about the story called "Rosebuds and Whiskey and Whistling Springs," by Charles Wayne Mathis, in the December 1964 *True West*.

This story was unusual on a number of points. It did not stick to the usual plot line and it was too short. All treasure stories have a uniform length to them. This one could have been dragged out to three times its size, but wasn't. The story-teller spoke of an odd type of gold, not the usual placer or hard-rock kind. He wrote of a half-civilized Indian who, while drunk, spun an imaginative tale that would do justice to Jules Verne. Even if the author was the one who made the story up, he should get a Pulitzer prize for creative writing.

I found the story interesting enough to try to discuss it with friends. But when I would get to the "whistling springs" part they would go into such fits of laugher that I gave up talking about it. So for about four years I thought I had forgotten it.

Then in a bookstore that had copies of old magazines I came across a story in a national magazine that told of a group of hikers having found a whistling spring. They were not treasure hunters and didn't know of this story. They only gave it one line in their story and just thought it was an interesting act of nature.

Now it didn't matter if the Indian story was true or not, I had to see it for myself.

It was three years ago that I went out to see it. It was well worth the effort and, believe me, it *was* an effort. I had a much younger man with me; that was mistake number one. I was twenty-five pounds over my usual weight. I had had no exercise for a three-year period prior to my walk. In a temperature of 110 degrees and the higher elevation, I found out a body can only take so much. But I seen (saw) the spring and even made a small copy of it when I came home. It was truly a creation of Mother Nature and, barring an earthquake, it will be a long time wearing out. I believe it only makes the noise about three times a year and then only for about twenty minutes during the day. It is known that in a given year only about five people are anywhere near it and the spring is well hidden. Only the noise would lead you to it if you didn't know where it was.

I am going back—I have trimmed off the weight, gotten plenty of exercise. I am taking two people with me with the understanding they are to walk be-

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hind me. I am not keeping up with anybody this time. My goal is about a mile past the spring. I am not a treasure hunter and it has nothing to do with the Indian story, but is historical in nature. If I am not successful, there won't be anything to talk about anyway.

This spring is not in Sycamore Canyon and it is in excess of a hundred miles from Jerome. So you can tell Charles Mathis that Mother Nature could not top his story but she matched it.—Robert L. Burns, 1329 Oakwood Avenue, West Chester, Pennsylvania 19380

Cuero Turkey Fest

We in Cuero, Texas are proud of our town and would like to share it with your readers. Each year we have a celebration called Turkeyfest. This year's event will be held October 8 and 9.

The original Cuero Turkey Trot staged in 1912 grew out of the interest shown by northern traveling salesmen in watching droves of turkeys being driven on foot to the Cuero market.

Back in 1908 Cuero's first turkey dressing house was opened and turkey raising began on a large scale on DeWitt County farms. Early in November the growers would drive their turkeys down country roads and through the city streets to the packing house. Year by year the number of visitors who would come to Cuero to watch the turkey drives grew.

In 1912 a group of businessmen in the Chamber of Commerce, sensing the interest of these visitors and wishing to encourage turkey raising and to advertise South Texas turkeys, decided to stage a celebration with a turkey drive down the city's main streets as the main feature. A popular dance at the time was the "Turkey Trot" and this name was adopted for the event. The original "Turkey Trot" and all the following ones proved highly successful. As many as 20,000 live strutting turkeys have appeared in the line of march.

In 1973 a group of Cuero citizens decided to add to the Cuero Turkey Trot. A full South Texas spectra of turkey-based food recipes, carnivals, gala parades, free mall areas in the downtown streets, continuous live entertainment, home tours, street dances in addition to a "herd" of wild turkeys parading down the streets all climaxed with the "Great Gobbler Gallop." This final event is an annual cross-nation turkey race between the City of Worthington, Minnesota and Cuero, Texas. A two heat race—one heat in each town each year. The average of the two races determines the winner. The prize is a four-foot trophy "The Traveling Turkey Trophy of Tumultuous Triumph" for the "World's Fastest Turkey." The annual two-day event is indeed a grand festival.—Mrs. Frank Duke, Box 864, Cuero, Texas 77954

July Rendezvous

Would you please let your readers know that the Utah Treasure Clubs, Inc., and 50 States Treasure Hunters Association Inc., is sponsoring Frontier Days; and the Bonanza Saloon and Gaming is helping to promote this event in Virginia City, Nevada. We are looking for Mountain Men, North and South Groups, Black Powder Enthusiasts, Metal Detector Hunters, Bottle Hunters, Rock Hunters, Gold Panners, Tomahawk Throwers, Knife Throwers, Quick Draw Enthusiasts, and all Treasure Hunters.

We would like to invite everybody to join us from July 23 till July 31, 1977 for this rendezvous. There will be no charge for camping for anyone who joins the Utah Treasure Clubs, Inc. and 50 States Treasure Hunters Association Inc., on these events.

From July 23 till July 25 we will be in Virginia City, Nevada for Black Powder Shoots, Tomahawk Throwing, Knife Throwing, Quick Draw Contests, and a cannon being shot off. Then we will start out from Virginia City, Nevada on July 26, and go down the Overland Emigrant Trail to the Connor Trail, up the Connor Pass to the Donner Museum, and return to Virginia City on July 30 to head back to our hometowns.

This event is free to all active people who would like to go on this rendezvous. All you need to provide is yourself, your gas, food and water. For further information write to: 50 States Treasure Hunters Association Inc., P. O. Box 16223, Salt Lake City, Utah 84116

Going Strong

In your December, 1973 issue of *True West* you featured an article (page 30-32) on my great-uncle Lewis McCuistion. Lewis, typically, was shown plowing his corn fields with a team of horses. He died in November 1973.

Lewis' younger brother, Day McCuistion, is my grandfather and well known in his own right in the San Marcos-Wimberley, Texas area. Day, a retired fireman of San Marcos, has always been more of a wrangler than a farmer and he is still going strong at seventy-two. Day can be found in or around all the local rodeos and he is one of the best old-time cowboys and horsetrainers, anyone will tell you.

I, too, am a native Texan from Wimberley. My grandmothers are Beatrice McCuistion of San Marcos and Dorothy Carney of Wimberley.—Ms. Lee McCuistion, 5026 Dierker C-7, Columbus, Ohio 43220

13th U. S. Cavalry

I would like to hear from anyone who served with the 13th U. S. Cavalry in 1927 and participated on the 625-mile march from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming to Fort Riley, Kansas. I am also interested in hearing from anyone else who served in the 13th U. S. Horse Cavalry.—M. D. Schram, Rte. 1, Box 32, Victor, Montana 59875

Worked for Warner

I have been waiting for years to have someone I knew written up in one of your magazines. Finally it happened in your story, "Prison Riot." I worked for the Warner Cattle Company in the early '20s.

When Warner, Gates and Best formed a company I went with Boone Best to Arizona, Texas and New Mexico, bought and shipped up to Colorado to Warner and Best Ranches 88,000 head of cattle.

They held an auction, rodeo and barbeque at the Warner Ranch. Roy (Potty) Best had a string of bucking horses. He had a roan that never had been ridden but George Likes rode him. They called the bet off, though, because he used a bucking saddle that is illegal.

I saw Lin Warner once after that. I still have a picture of that sale.

I often wondered what ever became of that old gang: Burnes Hardy, calf roper—his dad was the last manager of the J. J. outfit, largest in Colorado at one time; Clint McClain, part Indian, topped my ponies off for me; Nick Nicholis, foreman; Budge Bogger, cowboy and bootlegger.

I could go on—I suppose you have heard these tales before. I lived in Western Kansas until 1913, just as cattle were going out and wheat was coming in.—R. E. Young, 1636 Princeton Road, Woodburn, Oregon 97071

Day McCuistion with two friends.

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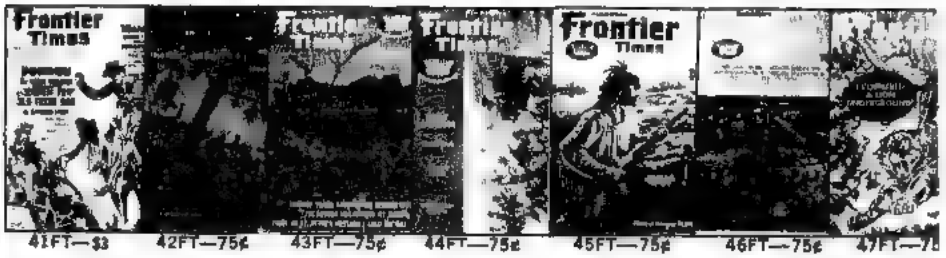

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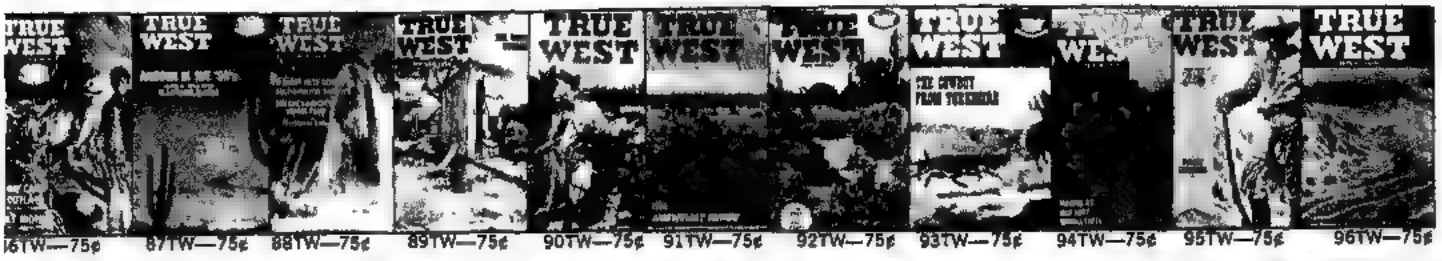

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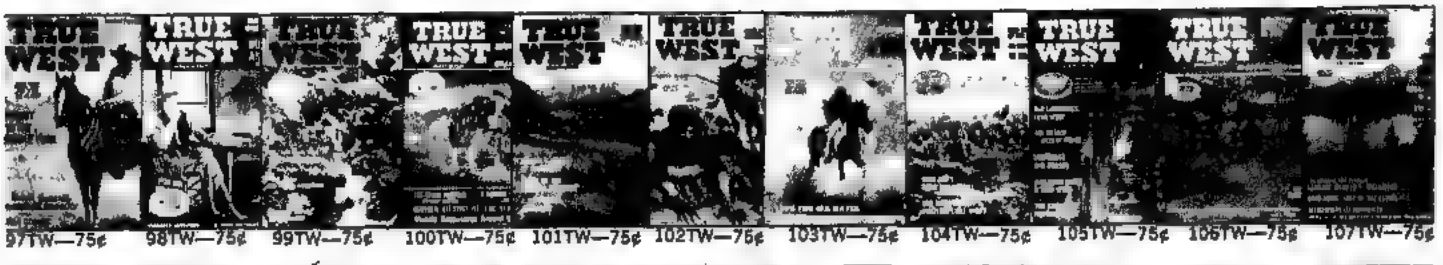

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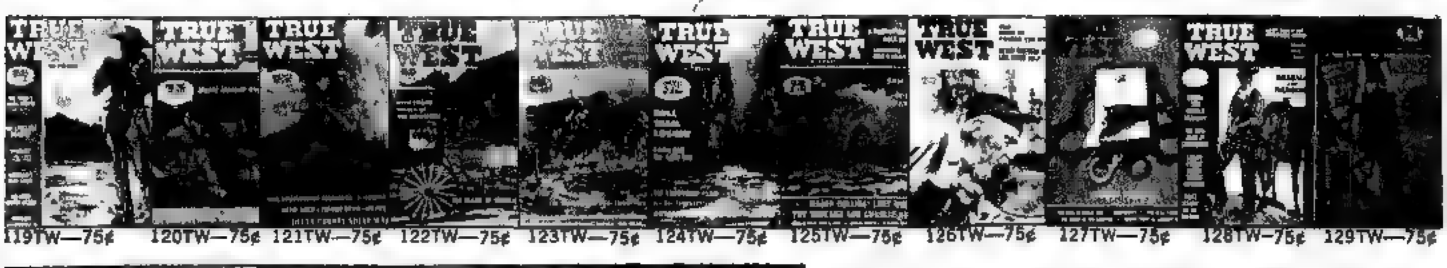

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A Tenderfoot's Trip

(Continued from page 45)

ceding day. Catching one and mounting him, I drove the other three back to my wagon, arriving there about sundown. There, standing by my wagon, and with his back to the fire, was a sure-enough, real, live Indian—flaming colors, blanket, moccasins and all. He was the genuine article, the first real wild Indian I had ever seen. He was a Sioux.

"How, how," was his salutation, as I walked up to the wagon.

"How are you?" I replied. Whereupon he made signs indicating that he wanted me to cook him some supper which I did. I performed all the work, he making no move to help me. When supper was over he went up on a knoll and remained there until dark, after which he returned and got into bed with me. As I was all alone, I was certainly glad I met the Sioux and hoped he would continue the journey with me. We talked together for some time, but neither one could make the other understand, and we finally gave it up as a bad job.

He was up before me in the morning, and back on the knoll, where he remained until breakfast was ready. When the meal had been prepared he came down and ate with me, after which he went back again and took his station on the knoll. "You are a whole lot of help to me, you are—you big lazy loafer," was my mental comment.

Presently I hitched up and started, when, much to my delight, he crawled up onto the wagon, as though intending to accompany me on my journey. He then began making signs which I interpreted as wanting to know whether or not I had a gun in the wagon. I shook my head, at which he seemed much surprised, and inclined to doubt my word. He then began to search the wagon, all the while making signs about the gun. After my repeated efforts to convince him, he seemed satisfied that I was telling the truth and lay down in the wagon.

That night we camped again, he as usual, going out on a high point for a while, finally coming in and sleeping with me again. This program was repeated every day for five days. Just before sundown of the sixth evening we were stopped by fifty or sixty of the wildest looking Indians I ever saw, many of whom had not enough clothing on to flag a handcar.

My Indian friend, who was in the wagon with me, began to talk Sioux to them in an excited manner but, of course, I had not the remotest idea of what they were talking about. In a few moments they left suddenly, after which my companion motioned excitedly for me to go on. This I was loath to do, as we were about to go into camp for the night, but he kept making signs for me to hurry on, at the same time putting his hand on my head, strongly suggesting the scalp act. I thought the heathen had gone crazy. In a minute or two he blurted out, "Pawnee heap shoot!" But still I was simpleton enough not to know what he meant. However, I started on, and he kept me moving until midnight.

I was very much frightened by his actions, as I hadn't the slightest idea why he was so excited. When the night was half gone, a number of campfires loomed up in the distance ahead, at which my Indian friend seemed much relieved. He then left me suddenly, without any ceremony. Seeing a haystack, I pulled to it, where I unhitched my tired and hungry mules, after which I then turned in for a little sleep.

THE first thing I heard the next morning was a white man saying, "Young feller, if you don't watch your harness pretty sharp, you won't have a strap left when these Indians get around you. They will steal every inch of it." I stared about me in surprise, and to my astonishment saw a great many Indian lodges and hundreds of Indians, including squaws and papooses.

"Is this Deere's Trading Post?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "this is Deere's Trading Post for the Sioux Indians, at the Red Cloud Agency. Who are you, and where are you from, and how did you get here?"

On being informed that I had come from Cuney & Coffee's ranch, he manifested great surprise. "Where are the other teams?" he asked.

"There are no other teams that I know of," was my reply.

"Do you mean to tell me that you came alone from the ranch of Cuney & Coffee to this place?"

"Certainly; my only companion was an Indian I picked up on the road, and he left me when I got in last night."

"Come with me," he said. And he took me into Deere's store nearby. "Deere, here is a tenderfoot who came all alone from Cuney & Coffee's ranch with your load of canned goods."

"Great Caeser!" exclaimed Deere. "Haven't you a gun?"

"No," I replied.

"Well," was the rejoinder, "they certainly played you a dirty trick, sending you here all alone, and the only thing that saved you was having the Indian with you." The men around the camp tried all day to find the Indian who rode with me, but did not succeed in doing so.

I was quite favorably impressed with Red Cloud Agency. It was in its infancy, but beginning to assume large proportions. The surroundings were novel to me and I quickly came to the conclusion that if I could secure work here, I would much prefer it to my present job with Cuney & Coffee. Accordingly, I asked Dr. Seville, who was the agent, if he could use me as a laborer. He replied, "Yes, but you must first return Cuney & Coffee's team to them."

I lost no time in preparing for my journey back to Fort Laramie, and was taken by surprise when Ben Tibbetts, the man who had awakened me upon my arrival, asked me where I was going. I told him and he said: "You fool! Don't you know that by going alone you will never reach the ranch? Wait here, my boy; there are other teams going soon and the men will not only be company for you, but protection too." He loaned me a six-shooter, which I was to return to him when I got back to the Agency.

After waiting a few days, I left in company with eight other teams, two of which belonged to the Agency and one to a Mr. Jones, who lived among the Sioux for years and who was well acquainted with their habits and mode of life. The first night out we camped in some high willows on the bank of a stream called Running Water. After eating our supper we were sitting around the campfire when suddenly the willows began to crash, and much to our surprise fifty mounted Indians appeared on the scene. My first impulse was to jump away from the campfire. This I did.

In doing so, I drew my six-shooter and when I came to my senses, as I had been badly frightened, I was pointing my six-shooter at an Indian who was mounted, but I had neglected to pull the trigger. I am glad I did not shoot, as we soon ascertained that they did not intend to harm us. Mr. Jones spoke to them in Sioux and was told that they were acting as an escort to Joe Bessnet, a half-breed, who was carrying the government mail to the Agency. In a little while Bessnet showed up, accompanied by more Indians. They then took supper and went their way, singing one of their war songs.

In our party was a young man named Spencer, who had been continually boasting of his bravery. After the Indians were gone Spencer was missing, and Jones and I went over in the direction of the river to search for him. We found he had secreted himself on a small island in the river and was badly frightened. He had waded almost up to his waist in the water to reach the island. For a long while he refused to leave the island and come back to the camp. Jones finally convinced him that there was no danger and he waded to the bank, a pitiful looking sight. Poor fellow, we joked him unmercifully the remainder of the trip. However, had the Indians intended doing us any harm, he might have been the only one to escape.

Before leaving, Tibbetts instructed me to remain at Fort Laramie, and when there was a position at the Agency he would send me word by the Agency teamsters.

I got back to Fort Laramie in good shape and turned the team over to Cuney & Coffee and was paid off at the rate of forty dollars a month. It was then I learned why Bowman, the bartender, was so liberal with his whiskey. And I also learned that Mr. Cuney had offered as high as $250 to the man who would take that load of canned goods to Deere's store. Old-timers living in that country and knowing the dangers, would not attempt the trip even at that price. Bowman's object in supplying me with whiskey, keeping me out of sight and starting me off so early in the morning, was for the purpose of not having me meet those old-timers, who would in all probability have warned me of the danger of the undertaking.

I then procured a position, driving a six-mule team for the government at Fort Laramie. Here I remained until November 1873.

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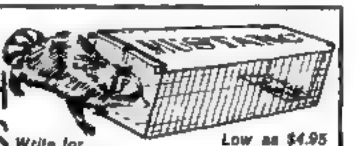

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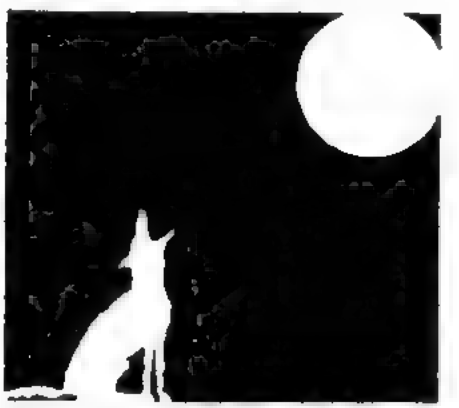

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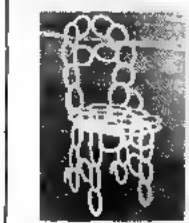

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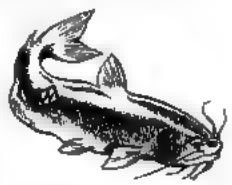

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COLLECTORS' GUIDE

Whether you're a long-time collector of rocks and minerals or a newcomer, you should enjoy reading Elsie Hanauer's *Rocks and Minerals of the Western United States—A Collector's Guide* (A. S. Barnes & Co., Box 421, Cranbury, N.J. 08512, 1976, $12.00). Since the 1950s rock and mineral collecting has been a rapidly expanding hobby in the United States. Unlike some, it may be pursued by the whole family, especially as part of their out-of-doors activities including hiking and camping. Newcomers to the field will find a great deal of basic information; old-timers will find it a good reference book. There's an explanation of how rocks and minerals were formed, the six crystal systems, descriptions of 30 rocks with color photos, information on tools and equipment needed and even safety tips for the collector. The last two-thirds of this 237-page book is devoted to an examination of rock-find locations in 17 Western states—Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. Not only has the author included maps, photographs and lists of promising sites, but there are lists of campgrounds, motels and even rock shops where you can buy what you can't find. Recommended.

HIGH COUNTRY HUMOR

Colorado author Raymond M. Beckner's latest effort is a new little 52-page booklet entitled *Humor of the High Country* (published by the author, 415 North 15th St., Canon City, Colorado 81212, $2.95 postpaid). Beckner, a veteran broadcaster and retired radio station owner, says he wrote the booklet in order to preserve some of the actual jokes, quips and other forms of humor born of the mountains and high plains country. This delightful little book is divided into five parts: prospectors and mining camps, fish stories, hunters' stories, cowhands and ranchers and hodge-podge. Some of the one-line quips included are: "We knew a woman who claimed her fisherman husband was the musical type: he always went out fit as a fiddle and came back tight as a drum."

"They say a San Luis Valley rancher has crossed a potato with a sponge. Tastes awful, but it sure holds a lot of gravy."

"Better be silent and thought of as a fool than to speak out and remove all doubt."

Beckner is the author of five other booklets and countless newspaper and magazine articles.

THE SIOUX WAR OF 1876

John S. Gray's *Centennial Campaign: The Sioux War of 1876* (Old Army Press, 1513 Welch, Fort Collins, Colorado 80521, 1976, $20.00) is an attempt to do what few other writers have tried to accomplish. Gray views the total U.S. Army campaign against the Sioux Indians in 1876. And the author is to be commended for his fine effort. Gray has pulled together a vast amount of source material and then, with much insight, told the story of the campaigns of Sheridan, Custer, Sherman, Cooke and others. There are 29 chapters plus a good bibliography, maps and an index. The book is divided into two units; the first, a narrative, details events of the period, and the second unit examines various facets including "The Medical Service and the Wounded," "A Little Big Horn Chronology," "The Indian Population," and "The Strength of the Little Big Horn Village." The writing is clear and concise and the effort is well-produced, typical of the quality of Old Army Press publications. Highly recommended.

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(Continued on page 62)

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

Great-great-grandmother went by horseback and buried the sister who left a baby daughter. On the way back home John had the baby with him on his horse, his wife following, when her horse fell on the iced-over river. She went under and was not found for many, many days.

John remarried in 1847 to Nancy Hays Lancaster, Plattsburg, Clinton County, Missouri. I will answer all letters and refund postage to anyone who writes me about these people.—Dee Willett, 19230 Lucky Street, Bakersfield, California 93307

White-Merry-and Others

I would like to hear from anyone with the following last names or someone who might have some information that would be of some help. I will exchange information or help you in some way. The names I'm looking for are the White and Merry families, on the 1860 census of Effingham County, Illinois and also the Mulkey, Bowman, Silkwood, Cobbler, McGirl, Mifflin, Wright and Racy families.—Mrs. Marvin M. Racy, 320 West North Street, Warrensburg, Missouri 64093

Hemphill-Roark

I would appreciate any information on the Hemphill family, from Virginia to North and South Carolina, to McMinn County, Tennessee in the early 1800s. Thomas and Melvina (?) Hemphill moved to southwestern Missouri in 1851 and Thomas died in 1855. Their known children were John W., born 1844 at McMinn County, Tennessee; Taylor of Wyoming; Margaret (Bayless) and Sarah (Lowery), both of Missouri; Angeline (Cates) of Texas and Rachel (Lyner) of Tennessee. Early settlers in Texas and South Dakota are said to be part of this Hemphill family.

David Roark was born in South Carolina in 1784 and his wife Elizabeth(?) was born in 1794 in Tennessee. The family was in Clay County, Kentucky in 1840 and Laurel County, Kentucky in 1860. The Laurel County census lists Saul, born 1823, Tennessee; Martin David, born 1829, Kentucky; Matilda and Melinda, born 1834, Kentucky. Who were their other children, possibly Tennessee born? A daughter, Mary Jane Snuffer, is buried in Missouri.

Saul and Martin David family went into Missouri about 1870.Who was Gilly Ann (Gilliann?) born 1849, Kentucky, in Martin David's home in Missouri? She went by the Roark name but was married in 1867 as Gilliann Hood.—Patricia Niswanger, 552 Moore Street, Las Animas, Colorado 81054

Eller-Gamblin

I am anxious to locate any relatives of Arthur David Eller, born August 1, 1888 in Rockdale, Texas. My mother's maiden name was Mary Etta Gamblin and they were married in Waco, Texas on May 17, 1913. The witnesses were C. T. Wallace, Deputy; G. W. Baker, County Clerk, and the document was signed by J. J. Padgett, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1. I am the daughter.—Fannie L. Gonzaga, 2520 Teresa Way, Bakersfield, California 93304

McGraw-Campbell-Williams-Moffitt

My dad, John "Jack" McGraw and brother Ray (Slim or Pat), rode in the rodeos in the early '20s in Montana. Both worked for the Pitchfork ranch near Meeteetse, Wyoming in the '40s and '50s. Both are gone now—died within three weeks of each other.

Redmon McGraw was my great-grandfather. His son Thomas married a Margaret "Maggie" Campbell. Their children were Harry, John (my father), Ray, Roy, Tom and Grayce. The McGraws were from Minnesota.

My mother's people were from Cumberland Gap (or Mountain) or Dunlop, Tennessee. Isaac Williams married Alemda Moffitt. Their children were Oscar, Charlie, Lydie, Nettie, John, Ida and Elmer. Ida was my mother—nicknamed Dea. All are dead except Elmer. I am looking for members of these families.—Dorothy McGraw Wilson, P. O. Box 301, Nicoma Park, Oklahoma 73066

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 60)

salvage program. The book is highly readable yet thorough. The authors have pieced together the story of the Spanish fleet disaster and related events since, including the costly yet successful recovery of the treasure by the Real Eight Company. The book is good reading. It's well-illustrated with photographs and maps. And the appendices include a description of the ships in the fleet, a list of what they were carrying plus an analysis of the recovered treasure. Highly recommended.

WILLIAM CLARK

Perhaps the most important exploration in North America was made by Lewis and Clark early in the 19th century. And countless books and articles have been written about their adventures on the Missouri and across the northern plains and Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. But what happened to Meriwether Lewis and William Clark after their expedition? Half of the answer is detailed in a new book by Jerome O. Steffen. *William Clark—Jeffersonian Man on the Frontier* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1977, $8.95) does not dwell at length on the Lewis and Clark expedition. Rather it examines who William Clark was and especially what happened to him after the now famous expedition ended. Steffen pays particular attention to the years 1807 to 1838 when Clark died at the age of 68. The author details how Clark served as a Brigadier General of the militia, an Indian agent, governor of Missouri, superintendent of Indian affairs in the Western United States and a founding partner of the Missouri Fur Trading

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Company. The publisher says much of the material contains previously unpublished facts. This 196-page book contains eight chapters plus epilogue, notes, bibliography and index. Twelve illustrations are included. The author is a history professor at the University of Oklahoma in Norman.

COLORADO GOLD STORY

H. William Axford's *Gilpin County Gold* (Swallow Press, 811 W. Junior Terr., Chicago, Ill. 60613, 1976, $10.00) is an interesting biography of Peter McFarlane, a mining entrepreneur, at Central City, Colorado. Unlike those who were digging gold, McFarlane struck it rich building houses and churches, inventing better ways to mill gold ore and manufacturing mining equipment. He founded one of the most important mine and mill companies in Colorado.

Although the book is primarily a biography of a man who lived from 1848 to 1929, much of that time in Colorado, it's also the story of Central City's history. Stories of life in that Colorado mining town are included along with the history of the town's famous Opera House, still a tourist attraction today. McFarlane was responsible for keeping the Opera House open early in this century after the gold boom died.

Axford's 210-page book is well-illustrated and includes extensive notes, a good bibliography and index. The author is librarian at the University of Oregon. Recommended.

SHEEP RANCHING

"Although sheep are among the most salient facts of range life, they have, as compared with cattle and horses, been a dim item in the range tradition. Yet, of less than a dozen books on sheep and sheepmen, more than half of them are better written than hundreds of books concerning cowboy life." So wrote the late J. Frank Dobie many years ago. If Dobie were alive today, he'd probably cheer Virginia Paul's *This Was Sheep Ranching Yesterday and Today* (Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, Wash., 1976, $14.95). It pays attention to a subject often forgotten. This 176-page book contains more than 400 photographs of sheep and sheep ranchers, many of them historic. And the interesting text details the story of sheep ranching. The book is divided into six chapters and includes a delightful chapter on shepherds, sheep dogs and predators. The last chapter takes a close look at fleece, fabric and fashion. Acknowledgements and a helpful index are included. It's a good book about a subject on which more should be written.

THE BUFFALO IN PICTURES

The combination of Jack Denton Scott's writing and Ozzie Sweet's photographs has produced a rather remarkable book in *Return of the Buffalo* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1976, $6.95). This 64-page effort is primarily a photograph study of the American buffalo today, yet the text closely relates to the 51 black and white photos that are included. Fighting, grazing, resting—bulls, cows and calves—are all included as the book concentrates on the life of the largest wild animal in North America. Some historical information is included. The book is well-produced but unfortunately does not include a bibliography.

BOOK COLLECTING

Book collectors will find a wealth of helpful information in *Collecting Rare Books for Pleasure and Profit* by Jack Matthews (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $12.95). The author, an avid book collector, is an English professor at Ohio University. The 317-page book is a practical manual on collecting books. It includes a chapter on Americana with reference to such works as Bernard DeVoto's *Across the Wide Missouri*, Walter Prescott Webb's *The Texas Rangers* and J. Frank Dobie's *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*, to mention only a few. Matthews examines rare books as investments, the what and why of a rare book, modern first editions, children's books plus the condition, care and protection of books. The book is well-written and includes a glossary of bibliophilic terms and a sampling of estimated price values on a handful of books.

APACHE CHIEF GERONIMO

Several years ago a well-known writer observed that the American Indian name "Apache" is better known around the world than any other. It is perhaps equally correct to say that Geronimo is the best known Apache who ever lived. If so, the white man's literature has been responsible for such fame.

Much has been written about Geronimo and his people. They have often been described as savage, cunning and courageous fighters. They were. And led by Geronimo for at least two decades, many Apaches made a stronger fight to hold their homeland against the incursions of the white man than any other tribe in America.

But Geronimo the fighter is only one side of this famous Indian's life. Angie Debo carefully examines all sides of Geronimo's life in *Geronimo—The Man, His Time, His Place* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1976, $14.95). She begins with Geronimo's birth about 1825 near the headwaters of the Gila River in what is today southeast Arizona and traces his life through the 1870s and early '80s when Geronimo led his band against the whites and Mexicans in raid after raid along the international border.

Angie Debo, who lives at Marshall, Oklahoma, details how Geronimo surrendered in 1886, was sent to Florida and later, in 1894, was removed to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, where he soon became something of a commercial property for white men to argue over. She describes how, at age 79, Geronimo was taken to the Louisiana Purchase Expedition at St. Louis in 1904 where he sold photographs of himself and autographs. And she tells of his death at Ft. Sill on February 17, 1909 at the age of about 84.

Her book is well written and fully documented. There are 68 photographs plus three maps, notes and a fine bibliography. This book is sure to find a prominent spot in the library of every student of Southwest history.

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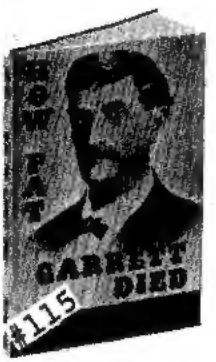

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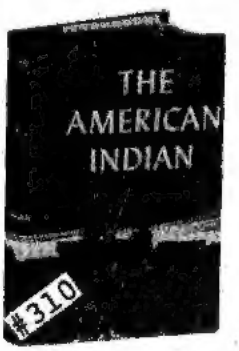

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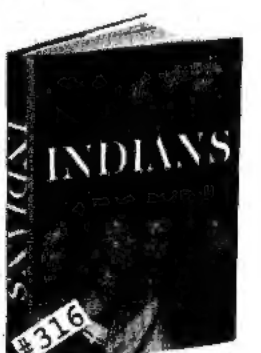

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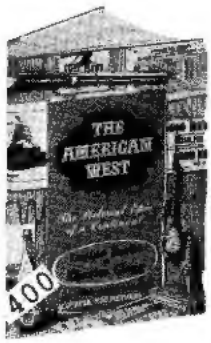

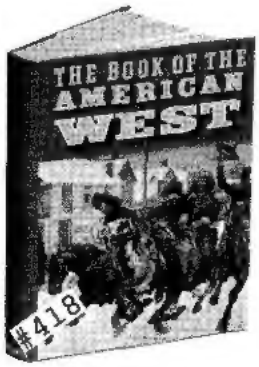

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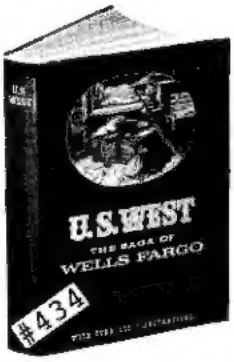

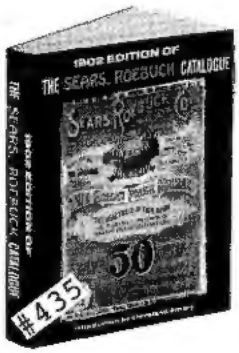

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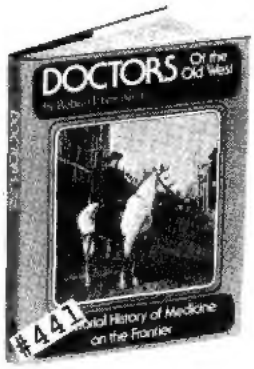

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